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1st of forever

POETICAL WORKS

OF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I

EARLIER POEMS

Author's Edition

EDINBURGH
DAVID DOUGLAS, CASTLE STREET
1892

KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE EDINBURGH EDITION

THE proposal of Mr. Douglas to print an edition of my Poems gave me much pleasure, and I feel confident that they will be printed correctly and handsomely. The reader may find fault with them, but I am sure he will find pleasure in the form in which they are presented to his eye.

I hope he will judge the Poems by the best among them, certainly not by the crude and immature products of the earlier period of the writer's life. If the reader is pleased with any of those here brought together, he may have some curiosity to see the gradations by which the Author reached the standard of those which he approves. If he made bad work of it in his early attempts, his improvement may encourage a young writer who is disheartened by his failures.

When Poems have been once printed in a collection, if they are left out of any subsequent reprints the Publishers are liable to be found fault with, and the volume reproached with imperfection. This is my best, and perhaps only, excuse for reproducing pieces of verse which bear the same relation to the writer's mature productions that his early copybooks bear to his best-finished manuscripts.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BOSTON, *July 9th*, 1892.

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10 CASTLE STREET,
EDINBURGH, *May* 1892.

CONTENTS

PAGE

To My Readers, ... xi

EARLIER POEMS (1830-1836)—

OLD IRONSIDES, ... 1

THE LAST LEAF, ... 3

THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD, . . 5

TO AN INSECT, ... 10

THE DILEMMA, ... 12

MY AUNT, ... 14

REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN, 16

DAILY TRIALS, BY A SENSITIVE MAN, 17

EVENING, BY A TAILOR, ... 19

THE DORCHESTER GIANT, ... 22

TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A LADY," . 24

THE COMET, ... 26

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS, ... 28

THE TREADMILL SONG, ... 32

THE SEPTEMBER GALE, ... 33

PAGE

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS, . 36

THE LAST READER, ... 37

POETRY: A METRICAL ESSAY, . . 39

ADDITIONAL POEMS (1837-1848)—

THE PILGRIM'S VISION, . . . 76

THE STEAMBOAT, ... 81

LEXINGTON, ... 84

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL, . . 87

A SONG FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HARVARD COLLEGE, 1836, 91

THE ISLAND HUNTING-SONG, . . 94

DEPARTED DAYS, ... 96

THE ONLY DAUGHTER, . . . 97

SONG WRITTEN FOR THE DINNER GIVEN TO CHARLES DICKENS, BY THE YOUNG MEN OF BOSTON, FEB. 1, 1842, . 100

LINES RECITED AT THE BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL, ... 102

NUX POSTCŒNATICA, ... 105

VERSES FOR AFTER-DINNER, . . 111

A MODEST REQUEST, COMPLIED WITH AFTER THE DINNER AT PRESIDENT EVERETT'S INAUGURATION, . . 115

THE PARTING WORD, . . . 126

A SONG OF OTHER DAYS, . . . 129

PAGE

SONG FOR A TEMPERANCE DINNER TO WHICH LADIES WERE INVITED (NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, NOV. 1842), . . . 131

A SENTIMENT, ... 133

A RHYMED LESSON, ... 134

AN AFTER-DINNER POEM, ... 174

MEDICAL POEMS.

THE MORNING VISIT, ... 188

THE TWO ARMIES, ... 193

THE STETHOSCOPE SONG, ... 195

EXTRACTS FROM A MEDICAL POEM, . 199

A POEM, ... 203

A SENTIMENT, ... 207

RIP VAN WINKLE, M.D., ... 208

NOTES, ... 224

TO MY READERS.

NAY, blame me not; I might have spared
Your patience many a trivial verse,
Yet these my earlier welcome shared,
So, let the better shield the worse.

And some might say, "Those ruder songs
Had freshness which the new have lost;
To spring the opening leaf belongs,
The chestnut-burs await the frost."

When those I wrote, my locks were brown,
When these I write—ah, well-a-day!
The autumn thistle's silvery down
Is not the purple bloom of May!

Go, little book, whose pages hold
Those garnered years in loving trust;
How long before your blue and gold
Shall fade and whiten in the dust?

O sexton of the alcoved tomb,
Where souls in leathern cerements lie,
Tell me each living poet's doom!
How long before his book shall die?

It matters little, soon or late,
A day, a month, a year, an age,—
I read oblivion in its date,
And Finis on its title-page.

Before we sighed, our griefs were told;
Before we smiled, our joys were sung
And all our passions shaped of old
In accents lost to mortal tongue.

In vain a fresher mould we seek,—
Can all the varied phrases tell
That Babel's wandering children speak
How thrushes sing or lilacs smell?

Caged in the poet's lonely heart,
Love wastes unheard its tenderest tone;
The soul that sings must dwell apart,
Its inward melodies unknown.

Deal gently with us, ye who read!
  Our largest hope is unfulfilled,—
The promise still outruns the deed,—
  The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;
  Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
  Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms; if they wear
  One streak of morn or evening's glow,
Accept them; but to me more fair
  The buds of song that never blow.

April 8, 1862.

From the first gleam of morning to the gray
Of peaceful evening, lo, a life unrolled!
In woven pictures all its changes told,
Its lights, its shadows, every flitting ray,
Till the long curtain, falling, dims the day,
Steals from the dial's disk the sunlight's gold,
And all the graven hours grow dark and cold
Where late the glowing blaze of noontide lay.
Ah! the warm blood runs wild in youthful veins,—
Let me no longer play with painted fire;
New songs for new-born days! I would not tire
The listening ears that wait for fresher strains
In phrase new-moulded, new-forged rhythmic chains,
With plaintive measures from a worn-out lyre.

August 2, 1881.

EARLIER POEMS.

1830-1836.

OLD IRONSIDES.

This was the popular name by which the frigate *Constitution* was known. The poem was first printed in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, at the time when it was proposed to break up the old ship as unfit for service. I subjoin the paragraph which led to the writing of the poem. It is from the *Advertiser* of Tuesday, September 14, 1830:—

"*Old Ironsides.*—It has been affirmed upon good authority that the Secretary of the Navy has recommended to the Board of Navy Commissioners to dispose of the frigate *Constitution.* Since it has been understood that such a step was in contemplation we have heard but one opinion expressed, and that in decided disapprobation of the measure. Such a national object of interest, so endeared to our national pride as *Old Ironsides* is, should never by any act of our Government cease to belong to the Navy, so long as our country is to be found upon the map of nations. In England it was lately determined by the Admiralty to cut the *Victory,* a one-hundred gun-ship (which it will be recollected bore the flag of Lord

Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar), down to a seventy-four, but so loud were the lamentations of the people upon the proposed measure that the intention was abandoned. We confidently anticipate that the Secretary of the Navy will in like manner consult the general wish in regard to the *Constitution*, and either let her remain in ordinary or rebuild her whenever the public service may require."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

The poem was an impromptu outburst of feeling, and was published on the next day but one after reading the above paragraph.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down !
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar ;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
  And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
  Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
  The lightning and the gale !

THE LAST LEAF.

THIS poem was suggested by the appearance in one of our streets of a venerable relic of the Revolution, said to be one of the party who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbour. He was a fine monumental specimen in his cocked hat and knee breeches, with his buckled shoes and his sturdy cane. The smile with which I, as a young man, greeted him, meant no disrespect to an honoured fellow-citizen whose costume was out of date, but whose patriotism never changed with years. I do not recall any earlier example of this form of verse, which was commended by the fastidious Edgar Allan Poe, who made a copy of the whole poem which I have in his own handwriting. Good Abraham Lincoln had a great liking for the poem, and repeated it from memory to Governor Andrew, as the Governor himself told me.

I SAW him once before,
  As he passed by the door,
    And again

The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD.

OUR ancient church ! its lowly tower,
Beneath the loftier spire,
Is shadowed when the sunset hour
Clothes the tall shaft in fire ;

It sinks beyond the distant eye,
  Long ere the glittering vane,
High wheeling in the western sky,
  Has faded o'er the plain.

Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep
  Their vigil on the green ;
One seems to guard, and one to weep,
  The dead that lie between ;
And both roll out, so full and near,
  Their music's mingling waves,
They shake the grass, whose pennoned spear
  Leans on the narrow graves.

The stranger parts the flaunting weeds,
  Whose seeds the winds have strown
So thick beneath the line he reads,
  They shade the sculptured stone ;
The child unveils his clustered brow,
  And ponders for a while
The graven willow's pendent bough,
  Or rudest cherub's smile.

But what to them the dirge, the knell ?
  These were the mourner's share ;
The sullen clang, whose heavy swell
  Throbbed through the beating air ;

The rattling cord,—the rolling stone,—
The shelving sand that slid,
And, far beneath, with hollow tone,
Rung on the coffin's lid.

The slumberer's mound grows fresh and green,
Then slowly disappears ;
The mosses creep, the gray stones lean,
Earth hides his date and years ;
But, long before the once-loved name
Is sunk or worn away,
No lip the silent dust may claim,
That pressed the breathing clay.

Go where the ancient pathway guides,
See where our sires laid down
Their smiling babes, their cherished brides,
The patriarchs of the town ;
Hast thou a tear for buried love ?
A sigh for transient power ?
All that a century left above,
Go, read it in an hour !

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,
The sabre's thirsting edge,
The hot shell, shattering in its fall,
The bayonet's rending wedge,—

Here scattered death ; yet, seek the spot,
No trace thine eye can see,
No altar,—and they need it not
Who leave their children free !

Look where the turbid rain-drops stand
In many a chiselled square ;
The knightly crest, the shield, the brand
Of honoured names were there ;—
Alas ! for every tear is dried
Those blazoned tablets knew,
Save when the icy marble's side
Drips with the evening dew.

Or gaze upon yon pillared stone,
The empty urn of pride ;
There stand the Goblet and the Sun,—
What need of more beside ?
Where lives the memory of the dead
Who made their tomb a toy ?
Whose ashes press that nameless bed ?
Go, ask the village boy !

Lean o'er the slender western wall,
Ye ever-roaming girls ;
The breath that bids the blossom fall
May lift your floating curls,
To sweep the simple lines that tell
An exile's date and doom ;
And sigh, for where his daughters dwell,
They wreathe the stranger's tomb

And one amid these shades was born,
Beneath this turf who lies,
Once beaming as the summer's morn,
That closed her gentle eyes;
If sinless angels love as we,
Who stood thy grave beside,
Three seraph welcomes waited thee,
The daughter, sister, bride!

I wandered to thy buried mound
When earth was hid below
The level of the glaring ground,
Choked to its gates with snow,
And when with summer's flowery waves
The lake of verdure rolled,
As if a Sultan's white-robed slaves
Had scattered pearls and gold.

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,
That lift this trembling tone,
Its breath of love may almost bear,
To kiss thy funeral stone;
And, now thy smiles have passed away,
For all the joy they gave,
May sweetest dews and warmest ray
Lie on thine early grave!

When damps beneath, and storms above,
Have bowed these fragile towers,
Still o'er the graves yon locust-grove
Shall swing its Orient flowers;

And I would ask no mouldering bust,
If e'er this humble line,
Which breathed a sigh o'er other's dust,
Might call a tear on mine.

TO AN INSECT.

THE Katydid is "a species of grasshopper found in the United States, so called from the sound which it makes."—*Worcester.*

I used to hear this insect in Providence, Rhode Island, but I do not remember hearing it in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where I passed my boyhood. It is well known in other towns in the neighbourhood of Boston.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,—
Old gentlefolks are they,—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill;

I think there is a knot of you
  Beneath the hollow tree,—
A knot of spinster Katydids, –
  Do Katydids drink tea?

O tell me where did Katy live,
  And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
  And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
  Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
  Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
  My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
  So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
  Or wet their eyes of blue,—
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
  What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
  That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its mossy base
  And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
  Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
  Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

THE DILEMMA.

NOW, by the blessed Paphian queen,
Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen;
By every name I cut on bark
Before my morning star grew dark,
By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
By all that thrills the beating heart;
The bright black eye, the melting blue,—
I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams;—
I saw a row of twenty beams;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung;
I asked the hue of every eye,
That bade each luckless lover die;
Ten shadowy lips said, heavenly blue,
And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron which she deemed
With fairest light of beauty beamed ;
She answered, some thought both were fair,—
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But, as she spoke, she rung the bell,
And all her girls, nor small nor few,
Came marching in,—their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden ; back she flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,
And turned her eye, a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun,
On me, until beneath its rays
I felt as if my hair would blaze ;
She liked all eyes but eyes of green ;
She looked at me ; what could she mean ?

Ah ! many lids Love lurks between,
Nor heeds the colouring of his screen ;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
The shaft upon the string is set ;
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well, both might make a martyr break
The chain that bound him to the stake ;

And both, with but a single ray,
Can melt our very hearts away ;
And both, when balanced, hardly seem
To stir the scales, or rock the beam ;
But that is dearest, all the while,
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

MY AUNT.

MY aunt ! my dear unmarried aunt !
Long years have o'er her flown ;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone ;
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can ;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt ! my poor deluded aunt !
Her hair is almost gray ;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way ?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell ?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
  This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
  Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
  'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
  "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
  To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
  To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
  They screwed it up with pins;—
O never mortal suffered more
  In penance for her sins.

So when my precious aunt was done,
  My grandsire brought her back;
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
  Might follow on the track;)
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
  Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
  Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
  Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
  His all-accomplished maid.

For her how happy had it been !
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN.

I SAW the curl of his waving lash,
And the glance of his knowing eye,
And I knew that he thought he was cutting a dash,
As his steed went thundering by.

And he may ride in the rattling gig,
Or flourish the Stanhope gay,
And dream that he looks exceeding big
To the people that walk in the way ;

But he shall think, when the night is still,
On the stable-boy's gathering numbers,
And the ghost of many a veteran bill
Shall hover around his slumbers ;

The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep,
And constables cluster around him,
And he shall creep from the wood-hole deep
Where their spectre eyes have found him !

Ay! gather your reins, and crack your
thong,
And bid your steed go faster;
He does not know as he scrambles along,
That he has a fool for his master;

And hurry away on your lonely ride,
Nor deign from the mire to save me;
I will paddle it stoutly at your side
With the tandem that nature gave
me!

DAILY TRIALS.

BY A SENSITIVE MAN.

OH, there are times
When all this fret and tumult
that we hear
Do seem more stale than to the sexton's ear
His own dull chimes.

Ding dong! ding dong!
The world is in a simmer like a sea
Over a pent volcano,—woe is me
All the day long!

From crib to shroud!
Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,
And friends in boots tramp round us as we die,
Snuffling aloud.

At morning's call
The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in the sun,
And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by one,
Give answer all.

When evening dim
Draws round us, then the lonely caterwaul,
Tart solo, sour duet, and general squall,—
These are our hymn.

Women, with tongues
Like polar needles, ever on the jar;
Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep fountains are
Within their lungs.

Children, with drums
Strapped round them by the fond paternal ass;
Peripatetics with a blade of grass
Between their thumbs.

Vagrants, whose arts
Have caged some devil in their mad machine,
Which grinding, squeaks, with husky groans between,
Come out by starts.

Cockneys that kill
Thin horses of a Sunday,—men, with clams,
Hoarse as young bisons roaring for their dams
From hill to hill.

Soldiers, with guns,
Making a nuisance of the blessed air,
Child-crying bellmen, children in despair,
Screeching for buns.

Storms, thunders, waves!
Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your fill;
Ye sometimes rest; men never can be still
But in their graves.

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid

That binds the skirt of night's descending
robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken
threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy
nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with;—but yet I
love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon
a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.

My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;
They had an ancient goose,—it was an heir-loom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me,—O, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom;—I can feel
With all around me;—I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle,—and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

THE DORCHESTER GIANT.

THE "pudding-stone" is a remarkable conglomerate found very abundantly in the towns mentioned, all of which are in the neighbourhood of Boston. We used in those primitive days to ask friends to *ride* with us when we meant to take them to *drive* with us.

THERE was a giant in time of old,
A mighty one was he;
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold;
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
And the giants were choosing a king;
The people were not democrats then,
They did not talk of the rights of men,
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,
And fastened them in the pen;
The children roared; quoth the giant, "Be still!"
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed with plums,
As big as the State-House dome;

Quoth he, "There's something for you to eat;
So stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,
And whittled the boughs away;
The boys and their mother set up a shout,
Said he, "You 're in, and you can't get out,
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune
As he strode the fields along;
'Tis said a buffalo fainted away,
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story 's true or not,
It isn't for me to show;
There 's many a thing that 's twice as queer
In somebody's lectures that we hear,
And those are true, you know.

. . . . . .

What are those lone ones doing now,
The wife and the children sad?
O, they are in a terrible rout,
Screaming, and throwing their pudding about,
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
  They flung it over the plain,
And all over Milton and Dorchester too
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw;
  They tumbled as thick as rain.

. . . . . .

Giant and mammoth have passed away,
  For ages have floated by;
The suet is hard as a marrow-bone,
And every plum is turned to a stone,
  But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,
  You 'll ask me out to ride,
The whole of the story I will tell,
And you shall see where the puddings fell,
  And pay for the punch beside.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A LADY."

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY.

WELL, Miss, I wonder where you live,
  I wonder what 's your name,
I wonder how you came to be
  In such a stylish frame;

Perhaps you were a favourite child,
Perhaps an only one;
Perhaps your friends were not aware
You had your portrait done!

Yet you must be a harmless soul;
I cannot think that Sin
Would care to throw his loaded dice,
With such a stake to win;
I cannot think you would provoke
The poet's wicked pen,
Or make young women bite their lips,
Or ruin fine young men.

Pray, did you ever hear, my love,
Of boys that go about,
Who, for a very trifling sum,
Will snip one's picture out?
I'm not averse to red and white,
But all things have their place,
I think a profile cut in black
Would suit your style of face!

I love sweet features; I will own
That I should like myself
To see my portrait on a wall,
Or bust upon a shelf;
But Nature sometimes makes one up
Of such sad odds and ends,
It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends!

THE COMET.

THE Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel, —
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube
  The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream,—the gathered rays
  Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort,—the soldiers all
  Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
  Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
  Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
  "The Dream of Beelzebub";
He could not see his verses burn,
  Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
  To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
  The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
  Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
  Such noise about the town;
They answered not,—but all the while
  The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
  Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
  Extinguishing his leg;

I saw nine geese upon the wing
  Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
  Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
  Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
  Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
  Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed by soul;
  I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful
    dream!
  Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
  That wreathed each wooded hill;
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
  Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O, spare thine evening meal,
  And sweet shall be thy sleep!

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

THERE are three ways in which men take
  One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
  Which of the three is worse;

But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You 're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains ;
A fellow jumps from out a bush,
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It 's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot ;
It 's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot ;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you 're going out to dine,—
Some odious creature begs
You 'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little, lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread,—
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You 're sitting on your window-seat,
  Beneath a cloudless moon ;
You hear a sound, that seems to wear
  The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
  To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
  Of music seems to come,
There 's something like a human voice,
  And something like a drum ;
You sit in speechless agony,
  Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem to be
  A very dismal place ;
Your "auld acquaintance" all at once
  Is altered in the face ;
Their discords sting through Burns and
    Moore,
  Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders sent
  From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
  And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
  And break the legs of Time.

But hark ! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound ;
It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round !

No ! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town ;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut your window down !

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat !

THE TREADMILL SONG.

THE stars are rolling in the sky,
The earth rolls on below,
And we can feel the rattling wheel
Revolving as we go.
Then tread away, my gallant boys,
And make the axle fly;
Why should not wheels go round about,
Like planets in the sky?

Wake up, wake up, my duck-legged man,
And stir your solid pegs!
Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,
And shake your spider legs;
What though you 're awkward at the trade,
There 's time enough to learn,—
So lean upon the rail, my lad,
And take another turn.

They 've built us up a noble wall,
To keep the vulgar out;
We 've nothing in the world to do
But just to walk about;
So faster, now, you middle men,
And try to beat the ends,—
It 's pleasant work to ramble round
Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,
He sha'n't be lazy here,—
And punch the little fellow's ribs,
And tweak that lubber's ear,—
He 's lost them both,—don't pull his hair,
Because he wears a scratch,
But poke him in the further eye,
That isn't in the patch.

Hark ! fellows, there 's the supper-bell,
And so our work is done ;
It 's pretty sport,—suppose we take
A round or two for fun !
If ever they should turn me out,
When I have better grown,
Now hang me, but I mean to have
A treadmill of my own !

THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

This tremendous hurricane occurred on the 23rd of September 1815. I remember it well, being then seven years old. A full account of it was published, I think, in the records of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Some of my recollections are given in *The Seasons*, an article to be found in a book of mine entitled *Pages from an Old Volume of Life.*

I 'M not a chicken ; I have seen
Full many a chill September,
And though I was a youngster then,
That gale I well remember ;

The day before, my kite-string snapped,
And I, my kite pursuing,
The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat ;—
For me two storms were brewing !

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
When married folks get clashing ;
There was a heavy sigh or two,
Before the fire was flashing,—
A little stir among the clouds,
Before they rent asunder,—
A little rocking of the trees,
And then came on the thunder.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled !
They seemed like bursting craters !
And oaks lay scattered on the ground
As if they were p'taters ;
And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter,—
The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,
And all our things were drying ;
The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a-flying ;

I saw the shirts and petticoats
  Go riding off like witches ;
I lost, ah ! bitterly I wept,—
  I lost my Sunday breeches !

I saw them straddling through the air,
  Alas ! too late to win them ;
I saw them chase the clouds, as if
  The devil had been in them ;
They were my darlings and my pride,
  My boyhood's only riches,—
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,—
  "My breeches ! O my breeches !"

That night I saw them in my dreams,
  How changed from what I knew them !
The dews had steeped their faded threads,
  The winds had whistled through them !
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
  Where demon claws had torn them ;
A hole was in their amplest part,
  As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
  And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons have gone
  For ever and for ever !
And not till fate has cut the last
  Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
  My loved, my long-lost breeches !

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die ;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came ;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb !

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There 'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within ;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

THE LAST READER.

I SOMETIMES sit beneath a tree,
And read my own sweet songs;
Though naught they may to others be,
Each humble line prolongs
A tone that might have passed away,
But for that scarce remembered lay.

I keep them like a lock or leaf
That some dear girl has given;
Frail record of an hour, as brief
As sunset clouds in heaven,
But spreading purple twilight still
High over memory's shadowed hill.

They lie upon my pathway bleak,
  Those flowers that once ran wild,
As on a father's careworn cheek
  The ringlets of his child;
The golden mingling with the gray,
And stealing half its snows away.

What care I though the dust is spread
  Around these yellow leaves,
Or o'er them his sarcastic thread
  Oblivion's insect waves,
Though weeds are tangled on the stream,
It still reflects my morning's beam.

And therefore love I such as smile
  On these neglected songs
Nor deem that flattery's needless wile
  My opening bosom wrongs;
For who would trample, at my side,
A few pale buds, my garden's pride?

It may be that my scanty ore
  Long years have washed away,
And where were golden sands before,
  Is naught but common clay;
Still something sparkles in the sun
For memory to look back upon.

And when my name no more is heard,
  My lyre no more is known,
Still let me, like a winter's bird,
  In silence and alone,
Fold over them the weary wing
Once flashing through the dews of spring.

Yes, let my fancy fondly wrap
  My youth in its decline
And riot in the rosy lap
  Of thoughts that once were mine,
And give the world my little store
When the last reader reads no more!

POETRY:

A METRICAL ESSAY, READ BEFORE THE Φ B K SOCIETY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, AUGUST, 1836.

TO CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM, THE FOLLOWING METRICAL ESSAY IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

THIS Academic Poem presents the simple and partial views of a young person trained after the schools of classical English verse as represented by Pope, Goldsmith, and Campbell, with whose lines his memory was early stocked. It will be observed that it deals

chiefly with the constructive side of the poet's function. That which makes him a poet is not the power of writing melodious rhymes, it is not the possession of ordinary human sensibilities, nor even of both these qualities in connection with each other. I should rather say, if I were now called upon to define it, it is the power of transfiguring the experiences and shows of life into an aspect which comes from his imagination and kindles that of others. Emotion is its stimulus and language furnishes its expression; but these are not all, as some might infer was the doctrine of the poem before the reader.

A common mistake made by young persons who suppose themselves to have the poetical gift is that their own spiritual exaltation finds a true expression in the conventional phrases which are borrowed from the voices of the singers whose inspiration they think they share.

Looking at this poem as an expression of some aspects of the *ars poetica*, with some passages which I can read even at this mature period of life without blushing for them, it may stand as the most serious representation of my early efforts. Intended as it was for public delivery, many of its paragraphs may betray the fact by their somewhat rhetorical and sonorous character.

SCENES of my youth! awake its slumbering fire!
Ye winds of Memory, sweep the silent lyre!
Ray of the past, if yet thou canst appear,
Break through the clouds of Fancy's waning year;

Chase from her breast the thin autumnal
snow,
If leaf or blossom still is fresh below!

Long have I wandered; the returning tide
Brought back an exile to his cradle's side;
And as my bark her time-worn flag unrolled,
To greet the land-breeze with its faded fold,
So, in remembrance of my boyhood's time,
I lift these ensigns of neglected rhyme;
O more than blest, that, all my wanderings
through,
My anchor falls where first my pennons
flew!

The morning light, which rains its quiver-
ing beams
Wide o'er the plains, the summits, and the
streams,
In one broad blaze expands its golden glow
On all that answers to its glance below;
Yet, changed on earth, each far reflected
ray
Braids with fresh hues the shining brow of
day;
Now, clothed in blushes by the painted
flowers,
Tracks on their cheeks the rosy-fingered
hours;

Now, lost in shades, whose dark entangled leaves
Drip at the noontide from their pendent eaves,
Fades into gloom, or gleams in light again
From every dew-drop on the jewelled plain.

We, like the leaf, the summit, or the wave,
Reflect the light our common nature gave,
But every sunbeam, falling from her throne,
Wears on our hearts some colouring of our own;
Chilled in the slave, and burning in the free,
Like the sealed cavern by the sparkling sea;
Lost, like the lightning in the sullen clod,
Or shedding radiance, like the smiles of God,
Pure, pale in Virtue, as the star above,
Or quivering roseate on the leaves of Love;
Glaring like noontide, where it glows upon
Ambition's sands,—the desert in the sun;
Or soft suffusing o'er the varied scene
Life's common colouring,—intellectual green.

Thus Heaven, repeating its material plan,
Arched over all the rainbow mind of man;

But he who, blind to universal laws,
Sees but effects, unconscious of their cause,—
Believes each image in itself is bright,
Not robed in drapery of reflected light,—
Is like the rustic who, amidst his toil,
Has found some crystal in his meagre soil,
And, lost in rapture, thinks for him alone
Earth worked her wonders on the sparkling stone,
Nor dreams that Nature, with as nice a line,
Carved countless angles through the boundless mine.

Thus err the many, who, entranced to find
Unwonted lustre in some clearer mind,
Believe that Genius sets the laws at naught
Which chain the pinions of our wildest thought;
Untaught to measure, with the eye of art,
The wandering fancy or the wayward heart;
Who match the little only with the less,
And gaze in rapture at its slight excess,
Proud of a pebble, as the brightest gem
Whose light might crown an emperor's diadem.

And, most of all, the pure ethereal fire,
Which seems to radiate from the poet's lyre,

Is to the world a mystery and a charm,
An Ægis wielded on a mortal's arm,
While Reason turns her dazzled eye away,
And bows her sceptre to her subject's sway;
And thus the poet, clothed with godlike state,
Usurped his Maker's title—to create;
He, whose thoughts differing not in shape, but dress,
What others feel, more fitly can express,
Sits like the maniac on his fancied throne,
Peeps through the bars, and calls the world his own.

There breathes no being but has some pretence
To that fine instinct called poetic sense:
The rudest savage roaming through the wild;
The simplest rustic bending o'er his child;
The infant listening to the warbling bird;
The mother smiling at its half-formed word;
The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields at large;
The girl, turned matron to her babe-like charge;
The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land;

The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted chain,
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning plain ;
The hot-cheeked reveller, tossing down the wine,
To join the chorus pealing "Auld lang syne" ;
The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows dim,
While Heaven is listening to her evening hymn ;
The jewelled beauty, when her steps draw near
The circling dance and dazzling chandelier ;
E'en trembling age, when Spring's renewing air
Waves the thin ringlets of his silvered hair ;—
All, all are glowing with the inward flame,
Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's name,
While, unembalmed, the silent dreamer dies,
His memory passing with his smiles and sighs !

If glorious visions, born for all mankind,
The bright auroras of our twilight mind ;

If fancies, varying as the shapes that lie
Stained on the windows of the sunset sky;
If hopes, that beckon with delusive gleams,
Till the eye dances in the void of dreams;
If passions, following with the winds that urge
Earth's wildest wanderer to her furthest verge;—
If these on all some transient hours bestow
Of rapture tingling with its hectic glow,
Then all are poets; and, if earth had rolled
Her myriad centuries, and her doom were told,
Each moaning billow of her shoreless wave
Would wail its requiem o'er a poet's grave!

If to embody in a breathing word
Tones that the spirit trembled when it heard;
To fix the image all unveiled and warm,
And carve in language its ethereal form,
So pure, so perfect, that the lines express
No meagre shrinking, no unlaced excess;
To feel that art, in living truth, has taught
Ourselves, reflected in the sculptured thought;—
If this alone bestow the right to claim
The deathless garland and the sacred name;

Then none are poets, save the saints on high,
Whose harps can murmur all that words deny !

But though to none is granted to reveal,
In perfect semblance, all that each may feel,
As withered flowers recall forgotten love,
So, warmed to life, our faded passions move
In every line, where kindling fancy throws
The gleam of pleasures, or the shade of woes.

When, schooled by time, the stately queen of art
Had smoothed the pathways leading to the heart,
Assumed her measured tread, her solemn tone,
And round her courts the clouds of fable thrown,
The wreaths of heaven descended on her shrine,
And wondering earth proclaimed the Muse divine.
Yet if her votaries had but dared profane
The mystic symbols of her sacred reign,
How had they smiled beneath the veil to find
What slender threads can chain the mighty mind !

Poets, like painters, their machinery claim,
And verse bestows the varnish and the frame ;
Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar
Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling car,
Fits like mosaic in the lines that gird
Fast in its place each many-angled word ;
From Saxon lips Anacreon's numbers glide,
As once they melted on the Teian tide,
And, fresh transfused, the Iliad thrills again
From Albion's cliffs as o'er Achaia's plain !
The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,
Rings like the cymbals clashing as they meet ;
The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,
Where waves on waves in long succession pour,
Till the ninth billow melts along the shore ;
The lonely spirit of the mournful lay,
Which lives immortal as the verse of Gray,
In sable plumage slowly drifts along,
On eagle pinion, through the air of song ;
The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,
With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,
While every image, in her airy whirl,
Gleams like a diamond on a dancing girl !

Born with mankind, with man's expanded range
And varying fates the poet's numbers change;
Thus in his history may we hope to find
Some clearer epochs of the poet's mind,
As from the cradle of its birth we trace,
Slow wandering forth, the patriarchal race.

I.

When the green earth, beneath the zephyr's wing,
Wears on her breast the varnished buds of Spring;
When the loosed current, as its folds uncoil,
Slides in the channels of the mellowed soil;
When the young hyacinth returns to seek
The air and sunshine with her emerald beak;
When the light snowdrops, starting from their cells,
Hang each pagoda with its silver bells;
When the frail willow twines her trailing bow
With pallid leaves that sweep the soil below;

When the broad elm, sole empress of the plain,
Whose circling shadow speaks a century's reign,
Wreathes in the clouds her regal diadem,—
A forest waving on a single stem;—
Then mark the poet; though to him unknown
The quaint-mouthed titles, such as scholars own,
See how his eye in ecstasy pursues
The steps of Nature tracked in radiant hues;
Nay, in thyself, whate'er may be thy fate,
Pallid with toil, or surfeited with state,
Mark how thy fancies, with the vernal rose,
Awake, all sweetness, from their long repose;
Then turn to ponder o'er the classic page,
Traced with the idyls of a greener age,
And learn the instinct which arose to warm
Art's earliest essay, and her simplest form.

To themes like these her narrow path confined
The first-born impulse moving in the mind;
In vales unshaken by the trumpet's sound,
Where peaceful Labour tills his fertile ground,

The silent changes of the rolling years,
Marked on the soil, or dialled on the spheres,
The crested forests and the coloured flowers,
The dewy grottos and the blushing bowers,
These, and their guardians, who, with liquid names,
Strephons and Chloes, melt in mutual flames,
Woo the young Muses from their mountain shade,
To make Arcadias in the lonely glade.

Nor think they visit only with their smiles
The fabled valleys and Elysian isles ;
He who is wearied of his village plain
May roam the Edens of the world in vain.
'Tis not the star-crowned cliff, the cataract's flow,
The softer foliage, or the greener glow,
The lake of sapphire, or the spar-hung cave,
The brighter sunset, or the broader wave,
Can warm his heart whom every wind has blown
To every shore, forgetful of his own.

Home of our childhood ! how affection clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings !
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown !
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas !
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky !

O happiest they, whose early love unchanged,
Hopes undissolved, and friendship unestranged,
Tired of their wanderings, still can deign to see
Love, hopes, and friendship, centring all in thee !

And thou, my village ! as again I tread
Amidst thy living, and above thy dead ;
Though some fair playmates guard with chaster fears
Their cheeks, grown holy with the lapse of years ;

Though with the dust some reverend locks may blend,
Where life's last mile-stone marks the journey's end ;
On every bud the changing year recalls,
The brightening glance of morning memory falls,
Still following onward as the months unclose
The balmy lilac or the bridal rose ;
And still shall follow till they sink once more
Beneath the snow-drifts of the frozen shore,
As when my bark, long tossing in the gale,
Furled in her port her tempest-rended sail !

What shall I give thee? Can a simple lay,
Flung on thy bosom like a girl's bouquet,
Do more than deck thee for an idle hour,
Then fall unheeded, fading like the flower?
Yet, when I trod, with footsteps wild and free,
The crackling leaves beneath yon linden-tree,
Panting from play, or dripping from the stream,
How bright the visions of my boyish dream !

Or, modest Charles, along thy broken edge,
Black with soft ooze and fringed with arrowy sedge,
As once I wandered in the morning sun,
With reeking sandal and superfluous gun ;
How oft, as Fancy whispered in the gale,
Thou wast the Avon of her flattering tale !
Ye hills, whose foliage, fretted on the skies,
Prints shadowy arches on their evening dyes,
How should my song with holiest charm invest
Each dark ravine and forest-lifting crest !
How clothe in beauty each familiar scene,
Till all was classic on my native green !

As the drained fountain, filled with autumn leaves,
The field swept naked of its garnered sheaves ;
So wastes at noon the promise of our dawn,
The springs all choking, and the harvest gone.

Yet hear the lay of one whose natal star
Still seemed the brightest when it shone afar ;

Whose cheek, grown pallid with ungracious
toil
Glows in the welcome of his parent soil;
And ask no garlands sought beyond the tide,
But take the leaflets gathered at your side.[1]

II.

But times were changed; the torch of
terror came,
To light the summits with the beacon's
flame;
The streams ran crimson, the tall mountain
pines
Rose a new forest o'er embattled lines;
The bloodless sickle lent the warrior's steel,
The harvest bowed beneath his chariot
wheel;
Where late the wood-dove sheltered her
repose
The raven waited for the conflict's close;
The cuirassed sentry walked his sleepless
round
Where Daphne smiled or Amaryllis frowned;
Where timid minstrels sung their blushing
charms,
Some wild Tyrtæus called aloud, "To arms!"

[1] For "The Cambridge Churchyard," see p. 5.

When glory wakes, when fiery spirits leap,
Roused by her accents from their tranquil sleep,
The ray that flashes from the soldier's crest
Lights, as it glances, in the poet's breast;—
Not in pale dreamers, whose fantastic lay
Toys with smooth trifles like a child at play,
But men, who act the passions they inspire,
Who wave the sabre as they sweep the lyre!

Ye mild enthusiasts, whose pacific frowns
Are lost like dew-drops caught in burning towns,
Pluck as ye will the radiant plumes of fame,
Break Cæsar's bust to make yourselves a name;
But, if your country bares the avenger's blade
For wrongs unpunished, or for debts unpaid,
When the roused nation bids her armies form,
And screams her eagle through the gathering storm,
When from your ports the bannered frigate rides,
Her black bows scowling to the crested tides,
Your hour has past; in vain your feeble cry,
As the babe's wailings to the thundering sky!

Scourge of mankind! with all the dread
array
That wraps in wrath thy desolating way,
As the wild tempest wakes the slumbering
sea,
Thou only teachest all that man can be.
Alike thy tocsin has the power to charm
The toil-knit sinews of the rustic's arm,
Or swell the pulses in the poet's veins,
And bid the nations tremble at his strains.

The city slept beneath the moonbeam's
glance,
Her white walls gleaming through the vines
of France,
And all was hushed, save where the foot-
steps fell,
On some high tower, of midnight sentinel.
But one still watched; no self-encircled
woes
Chased from his lids the angel of repose;
He watched, he wept, for thoughts of bitter
years
Bowed his dark lashes, wet with burning
tears:
His country's sufferings and her children's
shame
Streamed o'er his memory like a forest's
flame,

Each treasured insult, each remembered wrong,
Rolled through his heart and kindled into song:
His taper faded; and the morning gales
Swept through the world the war-song of Marseilles!

Now, while around the smiles of Peace expand,
And Plenty's wreaths festoon the laughing land;
While France ships outward her reluctant ore,
And half our navy basks upon the shore;
From ruder themes our meek-eyed Muses turn
To crown with roses their enamelled urn.

If e'er again return those awful days
Whose clouds were crimsoned with the beacon's blaze,
Whose grass was trampled by the soldier's heel,
Whose tides were reddened round the rushing keel,
God grant some lyre may wake a nobler strain
To rend the silence of our tented plain!

When Gallia's flag its triple fold displays,
Her marshalled legions peal the Marseillaise ;
When round the German close the war-clouds dim,
Far through their shadows floats his battle-hymn ;
When, crowned with joy, the camps of England ring,
A thousand voices shout, "God save the King!"
When victory follows with our eagle's glance,
Our nation's anthem pipes a country dance!

Some prouder Muse, when comes the hour at last,
May shake our hillsides with her bugle-blast ;
Not ours the task ; but since the lyric dress
Relieves the statelier with its sprightliness,
Hear an old song, which some, perchance, have seen
In stale gazette, or cobwebbed magazine.
There was an hour when patriots dared profane
The mast that Britain strove to bow in vain ;
And one, who listened to the tale of shame,
Whose heart still answered to that sacred name,

Whose eye still followed o'er his country's
tides
Thy glorious flag, our brave Old Ironsides !
From yon lone attic, on a summer's morn,
Thus mocked the spoilers with his school-
boy scorn.[1]

III.

When florid Peace resumed her golden
reign,
And arts revived, and valleys bloomed
again ;
While War still panted on his broken blade,
Once more the Muse her heavenly wing es-
sayed.
Rude was the song ; some ballad, stern and
wild,
Lulled the light slumbers of the soldier's
child ;
Or young romancer, with his threatening
glance
And fearful fables of his bloodless lance,
Scared the soft fancy of the clinging girls,
Whose snowy fingers smoothed his raven
curls.

[1] For "Old Ironsides," see p. 1.

But when long years the stately form had bent,
And faithless memory her illusions lent,
So vast the outlines of Tradition grew,
That History wondered at the shapes she drew,
And veiled at length their too ambitious hues
Beneath the pinions of the Epic Muse.

Far swept her wing; for stormier days had brought
With darker passions deeper tides of thought.
The camp's harsh tumult and the conflict's glow,
The thrill of triumph and the gasp of woe,
The tender parting and the glad return,
The festal banquet and the funeral urn,—
And all the drama which at once uprears
Its spectral shadows through the clash of spears,
From camp and field to echoing verse transferred,
Swelled the proud song that listening nations heard.

Why floats the amaranth in eternal bloom
O'er Ilium's turrets and Achilles' tomb?

Why lingers fancy, where the sunbeams smile
On Circe's gardens and Calypso's isle?
Why follows memory to the gate of Troy
Her plumed defender and his trembling boy?
Lo! the blind dreamer, kneeling on the sand,
To trace these records with his doubtful hand;
In fabled tones his own emotion flows,
And other lips repeat his silent woes;
In Hector's infant see the babes that shun
Those deathlike eyes, unconscious of the sun,
Or in his hero hear himself implore,
"Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more!"

Thus live undying through the lapse of time
The solemn legends of the warrior's clime;
Like Egypt's pyramid, or Pæstum's fane,
They stand the heralds of the voiceless plain;
Yet not like them, for Time, by slow degrees,
Saps the gray stone, and wears the embroidered frieze,
And Isis sleeps beneath her subject Nile,
And crumbled Neptune strews his Dorian pile;

But Art's fair fabric, strengthening as it rears
Its laurelled columns through the mist of years,
As the blue arches of the bending skies
Still gird the torrent, following as it flies,
Spreads, with the surges bearing on mankind,
Its starred pavilion o'er the tides of mind !

In vain the patriot asks some lofty lay
To dress in state our wars of yesterday.
The classic days, those mothers of romance,
That roused a nation for a woman's glance ;
The age of mystery with its hoarded power,
That girt the tyrant in his storied tower,
Have passed and faded like a dream of youth,
And riper eras ask for history's truth.

On other shores, above their mouldering towns,
In sullen pomp the tall cathedral frowns,
Pride in its aisles, and paupers at the door,
Which feeds the beggars whom it fleeced of yore.
Simple and frail, our lowly temples throw
Their slender shadows on the paths below ;
Scarce steal the winds, that sweep his woodland tracks,
The larch's perfume from the settler's axe,

Ere, like a vision of the morning air,
His slight-framed steeple marks the house of prayer;
Its planks all reeking, and its paint undried,
Its rafters sprouting on the shady side,
It sheds the raindrops from its shingled eaves,
Ere its green brothers once have changed their leaves.

Yet Faith's pure hymn, beneath its shelter rude,
Breathes out as sweetly to the tangled wood,
As where the rays through pictured glories pour
On marble shaft and tessellated floor;—
Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that feels,
And all is holy where devotion kneels.

Thus on the soil the patriot's knee should bend,
Which holds the dust once living to defend;
Where'er the hireling shrinks before the free,
Each pass becomes "a new Thermopylæ"!
Where'er the battles of the brave are won,
There every mountain "looks on Marathon"!

Our fathers live ; they guard in glory still
The grass-grown bastions of the fortressed hill ;
Still ring the echoes of the trampled gorge,
With *God and Freedom ! England and Saint George !*
The royal cipher on the captured gun
Mocks the sharp night-dews and the blistering sun ;
The red-cross banner shades its captor's bust,
Its folds still loaded with the conflict's dust;
The drum, suspended by its tattered marge,
Once rolled and rattled to the Hessian's charge ;
The stars have floated from Britannia's mast,
The redcoat's trumpets blown the rebel's blast.

Point to the summits where the brave have bled,
Where every village claims its glorious dead;
Say, when their bosoms met the bayonet's shock,
Their only corselet was the rustic frock ;
Say, when they mustered to the gathering horn,
The titled chieftain curled his lip in scorn,

Yet, when their leader bade his lines advance,
No musket wavered in the lion's glance ;
Say, when they fainted in the forced retreat,
They tracked the snow-drifts with their bleeding feet,
Yet still their banners, tossing in the blast,
Bore *Ever Ready*, faithful to the last,
Through storm and battle, till they waved again
On Yorktown's hills and Saratoga's plain !

Then if, so fierce the insatiate patriot's flame,
Truth looks too pale, and history seems too tame,
Bid him await some new Columbiad's page,
To gild the tablets of an iron age,
And save his tears, which yet may fall upon
Some fabled field, some fancied Washington !

IV.

But once again, from their Æolian cave,
The winds of Genius wandered on the wave.
Tired of the scenes the timid pencil drew,
Sick of the notes the sounding clarion blew ;
Sated with heroes who had worn so long
The shadowy plumage of historic song ;

The new-born poet left the beaten course,
To track the passions to their living source.

Then rose the Drama;—and the world admired
Her varied page with deeper thought inspired;
Bound to no clime, for Passion's throb is one
In Greenland's twilight or in India's sun;
Born for no age,—for all the thoughts that roll
In the dark vortex of the stormy soul,
Unchained in song, no freezing years can tame;
God gave them birth, and man is still the same.

So full on life her magic mirror shone,
Her sister Arts paid tribute to her throne;
One reared her temple, one her canvas warmed,
And Music thrilled, while Eloquence informed.
The weary rustic left his stinted task
For smiles and tears, the dagger and the mask;
The sage, turned scholar, half forgot his lore,
To be the woman he despised before;

O'er sense and thought she threw her golden chain,
And Time, the anarch, spares her deathless reign.

Thus lives Medea, in our tamer age,
As when her buskin pressed the Grecian stage;
Not in the cells where frigid learning delves
In Aldine folios mouldering on their shelves;
But breathing, burning in the glittering throng,
Whose thousand bravoes roll untired along,
Circling and spreading through the gilded halls,
From London's galleries to San Carlo's walls!

Thus shall he live whose more than mortal name
Mocks with its ray the pallid torch of Fame;
So proudly lifted, that it seems afar
No earthly Pharos, but a heavenly star;
Who, unconfined to Art's diurnal bound,
Girds her whole zodiac in his flaming round,
And leads the passions, like the orb that guides,
From pole to pole, the palpitating tides!

V.

THOUGH round the Muse the robe of song is thrown,
Think not the poet lives in verse alone.
Long ere the chisel of the sculptor taught
The lifeless stone to mock the living thought;
Long ere the painter bade the canvas glow
With every line the forms of beauty know;
Long ere the iris of the Muses threw
On every leaf its own celestial hue;
In fable's dress the breath of genius poured,
And warmed the shapes that later times adored.

Untaught by Science how to forge the keys,
That loose the gates of Nature's mysteries;
Unschooled by Faith, who, with her angel tread,
Leads through the labyrinth with a single thread,
His fancy, hovering round her guarded tower,
Rained through its bars like Danae's golden shower.
He spoke; the sea-nymph answered from her cave:
He called; the naiad left her mountain wave:

He dreamed of beauty; lo, amidst his dream,
Narcissus, mirrored in the breathless stream;
And night's chaste empress, in her bridal play,
Laughed through the foliage where Endymion lay;
And ocean dimpled, as the languid swell
Kissed the red lip of Cytherea's shell:
Of power,—Bellona swept the crimson field,
And blue-eyed Pallas shook her Gorgon shield;
O'er the hushed waves their mightier monarch drove,
And Ida trembled to the tread of Jove!

So every grace that plastic language knows
To nameless poets its perfection owes.
The rough-hewn words to simplest thoughts confined
Were cut and polished in their nicer mind;
Caught on their edge, imagination's ray
Splits into rainbows, shooting far away;—
From sense to soul, from soul to sense, it flies,
And through all Nature links analogies;
He who reads right will rarely look upon
A better poet than his lexicon!

There is a race, which cold, ungenial skies
Breed from decay, as fungous growths arise;
Though dying fast, yet springing fast again,
Which still usurps an unsubstantial reign,
With frames too languid for the charms of sense,
And minds worn down with action too intense;
Tired of a world whose joys they never knew,
Themselves deceived, yet thinking all untrue;
Scarce men without, and less than girls within,
Sick of their life before its cares begin;—
The dull disease, which drains their feeble hearts,
To life's decay some hectic thrills imparts,
And lends a force, which, like the maniac's power,
Pays with blank years the frenzy of an hour.

And this is Genius! Say, does Heaven degrade
The manly frame, for health, for action made?
Break down the sinews, rack the brow with pains,
Blanch the bright cheek, and drain the purple veins,

To clothe the mind with more extended
sway,
Thus faintly struggling in degenerate clay?

No! gentle maid, too ready to admire,
Though false its notes, the pale enthusiast's
lyre;
If this be genius, though its bitter springs
Glowed like the morn beneath Aurora's
wings,
Seek not the source whose sullen bosom feeds
But fruitless flowers, and dark, envenomed
weeds.

But if, so bright the dear illusion seems,
Thou wouldst be partner of thy poet's
dreams,
And hang in rapture on his bloodless charms,
Or die, like Raphael, in his angel arms;
Go, and enjoy thy blessed lot,—to share
In Cowper's gloom, or Chatterton's despair!

Not such were they, whom, wandering
o'er the waves,
I looked to meet, but only found their
graves;
If friendship's smile, the better part of fame,
Should lend my song the only wreath I
claim,

Whose voice would greet me with a sweeter tone,
Whose living hand more kindly press my own,
Than theirs,—could Memory, as her silent tread
Prints the pale flowers that blossom o'er the dead,
Those breathless lips, now closed in peace, restore,
Or wake those pulses hushed to beat no more?

Thou calm, chaste scholar! I can see thee now,
The first young laurels on thy pallid brow,
O'er thy slight figure floating lightly down
In graceful folds the academic gown,
On thy curled lip the classic lines, that taught
How nice the mind that sculptured them with thought,
And triumph glistening in the clear blue eye,
Too bright to live,—but O, too fair to die!

And thou, dear friend, whom Science still deplores,
And love still mourns, on ocean-severed shores,

Though the bleak forest twice has bowed
with snow,
Since thou wast laid its budding leaves be-
low,
Thine image mingles with my closing strain,
As when we wandered by the turbid Seine,
Both blest with hopes, which revelled,
bright and free,
On all we longed, or all we dreamed to be;
To thee the amaranth and the cypress fell,—
And I was spared to breathe this last fare-
well!

But lived there one in unremembered days,
Or lives there still, who spurns the poet's
bays,
Whose fingers, dewy from Castalia's springs,
Rest on the lyre, yet scorn to touch the
strings?
Who shakes the senate with the silver tone
The groves of Pindus might have sighed to
own?
Have such e'er been? Remember Canning's
name!
Do such still live? Let "Alaric's Dirge"
proclaim!

Immortal Art! where'er the rounded sky
Bends o'er the cradle where thy children lie,

Their home is earth, their herald every tongue
Whose accents echo to the voice that sung.
One leap of Ocean scatters on the sand
The quarried bulwarks of the loosening land ;
One thrill of earth dissolves a century's toil
Strewed like the leaves that vanish in the soil ;
One hill o'erflows, and cities sink below,
Their marbles splintering in the lava's glow ;
But one sweet tone, scarce whispered to the air,
From shore to shore the blasts of ages bear ;
One humble name, which oft, perchance, has borne
The tyrant's mockery and the courtier's scorn,
Towers o'er the dust of earth's forgotten graves,
As once, emerging through the waste of waves,
The rocky Titan, round whose shattered spear
Coiled the last whirlpool of the drowning sphere !

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

1837-1848.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

IN the hour of twilight shadows
The Pilgrim sire looked out;
He thought of the "bloudy Salvages"
That lurked all round about,
Of Wituwamet's pictured knife
And Pecksuot's whooping shout;
For the baby's limbs were feeble,
Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin,
Too bare for the hungry rat,
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,
And bald enough of that;
The hole that served for casement
Was glazed with an ancient hat;
And the ice was gently thawing
From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape
  His eyes went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles,
  The streams that did not flow ;
A sudden thought flashed o'er him,—
  A dream of long ago,—
He smote his leathern jerkin,
  And murmured, "Even so!"

"Come hither, God-be-Glorified,
  And sit upon my knee,
Behold the dream unfolding,
  Whereof I spake to thee
By the winter's hearth in Leyden
  And on the stormy sea ;
True is the dream's beginning,—
  So may its ending be!

"I saw in the naked forest
  Our scattered remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches
  Between them and the blast ;
The snow was falling round them,
  The dying fell as fast ;
I looked to see them perish,
  When lo, the vision passed.

"Again mine eyes were opened ;—
  The feeble had waxed strong,

The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng;
By shadowed lake and winding stream,
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear,
The Christian's godly song.

"They slept,—the village fathers,—
By river, lake, and shore,
When far adown the steep of Time
The vision rose once more;
I saw along the winter snow
A spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks
A tattered flag they bore.

"Their Leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven's own kindling
Throned in his awful eye;
These were a Nation's champions
Her dread appeal to try;
God for the right! I faltered,
And lo, the train passed by.

"Once more;—the strife is ended,
The solemn issue tried,
The Lord of Hosts, His mighty arm
Has helped our Israel's side;

Grey stone and grassy hillock
  Tell where our martyrs died,
But peaceful smiles the harvest,
  And stainless flows the tide.

"A crash,—as when some swollen cloud
  Cracks o'er the tangled trees!
With side to side, and spar to spar,
  Whose smoking decks are these?
I know Saint George's blood-red cross,
  Thou Mistress of the Seas,—
But what is she, whose streaming bars
  Roll out before the breeze?

"Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
  Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips
  That pealed the Armada's knell!
The mist was cleared,—a wreath of stars
  Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And, wavering from its haughty peak,
  The cross of England fell!

"O trembling Faith! though dark the morn,
  A heavenly torch is thine;
While feebler races melt away,
  And paler orbs decline,

Still shall the fiery pillar's ray,
  Along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
  This Western Palestine!

"I see the living tide roll on;
  It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
  The Spaniard's 'land of flowers'!
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
  That parts the Northern showers;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
  The Continent is ours!"

He ceased,—the grim old soldier-saint,—
  Then softly bent to cheer
The pilgrim-child, whose wasting face
  Was meekly turned to hear;
And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,
  To brush the manly tear
From cheeks that never changed in woe,
  And never blanched in fear.

The weary pilgrim slumbers,
  His resting-place unknown;
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
  The dust was o'er him strewn;

The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,
Along the sod were blown;
His mound has melted into earth,
His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,
Or, raining in the summer's wind
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled!

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks
That guard this holy strand
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
In beds of sparkling sand,
While in the waste of ocean
One hoary rock shall stand,
Be this its latest legend,—
HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND!

THE STEAMBOAT.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves!

With foam before and fire behind,
  She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
  Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
  With heaped and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast, in ringing showers,
  With every wave that swells;
And, burning o'er the midnight deep,
  In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
  Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
  And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
  She thunders foaming by;
When seas are silent and serene,
  With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
  That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
  She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
  Still sounding through the storm;

Now answers, like a courtly dame,
The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrowed sail;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale;
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stained
The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
I see yon quivering mast;
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast!
An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff,
The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er yon pennon staff,
White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep;
Nor wind nor wave shall tire
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
With floods of living fire;

Sleep on,—and, when the morning light
Streams o'er the shining bay,
O think of those for whom the night
Shall never wake in day!

LEXINGTON.

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!

Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died";
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gaily the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;

Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
Far as the tempest thrills
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,—

While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her Northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

THIS "punch-bowl" was, according to old family traditions, a *caudle-cup*. It is a massive piece of silver, its cherubs and other ornaments of coarse repoussé work, and has two handles like a loving-cup, by which it was held, or passed from guest to guest.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar; so runs the ancient tale;
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;

And now and then between the strokes,
for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of
good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to
please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a
longing for the same;
And oft as on the ancient stock another
twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot,
and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a
Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a
little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it
was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found con-
venticles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what 's next,
—it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the *Mayflower* came,—
a hundred souls and more,—

Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes,—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When brave Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;

And there the sachem learned the rule he
taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find
he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread
their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each
little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but
not in mirth or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer
her parting boy.

Drink, John, she said, 'twill do you good,—
poor child, you 'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in
the midnight air;
And if—God bless me!—you were hurt,
'twould keep away the chill;
So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought
that night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in
good old English cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring
its symbol here;

'Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet fragrant flowers,—
The moss that clothes its broken walls,—the ivy on its towers;
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin,
That dooms one to those dreadful words,—"My dear, where *have* you been?"

A SONG

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HARVARD COLLEGE, 1836.

This song, which I had the temerity to sing myself (*felix audacia*, Mr. Franklin Dexter had the goodness

to call it), was sent in a little too late to be printed with the official account of the celebration. It was written at the suggestion of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, who thought the popular tune "The Poacher's Song" would be a good model for a lively ballad or ditty. He himself wrote the admirable Latin song to be found in the record of the meeting.

WHEN the Puritans came over,
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer,
With tomahawks and scalping-knives,
That make folks' heads look queer;—
O the ship from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year!

The crows came cawing through the air
To pluck the pilgrims' corn,
The bears came snuffing round the door
Whene'er a babe was born,
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
Than the butt of the old ram's horn
The deacon blew at meeting time
On every "Sabbath" morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams down,
And pine-tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
In shape of steeples slim;

And out the little wharves were stretched
  Along the ocean's rim,
And up the little school-house shot
  To keep the boys in trim.

And, when at length the College rose,
  The sachem cocked his eye
At every tutor's meagre ribs
  Whose coat-tails whistled by :
But when the Greek and Hebrew words
  Came tumbling from their jaws,
The copper-coloured children all
  Ran screaming to the squaws.

And who was on the Catalogue
  When college was begun ?
Two nephews of the President,
  And *the* Professor's son ;
(They turned a little Indian by,
  As brown as any bun ;)
Lord ! how the seniors knocked about
  The freshman class of one !

They had not then the dainty things
  That commons now afford,
But *succotash* and *homony*
  Were smoking on the board ;

They did not rattle round in gigs,
  Or dash in long-tailed blues,
But always on commencement days
  The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans!
  Their lot was hard enough;
But honest hearts make iron arms,
  And tender maids are tough;
So love and faith have formed and fed
  Our true-born Yankee stuff,
And keep the kernel in the shell
  The British found so rough!

THE ISLAND HUNTING-SONG.

THE island referred to is a domain of princely proportions, which has long been the seat of a generous hospitality. Naushon is its old Indian name. William Swain, Esq., commonly known as "the Governor," was the proprietor of it at the time when this song was written. Mr. John M. Forbes is his worthy successor in territorial rights and as a hospitable entertainer. The *Island Book* has been the recipient of many poems from visitors and friends of the owners of the old mansion.

NO more the summer floweret charms,
  The leaves will soon be sere,
And Autumn folds his jewelled arms
  Around the dying year;

So, ere the waning seasons claim
  Our leafless groves awhile,
With golden wine and glowing flame
  We 'll crown our lonely isle.

Once more the merry voices sound
  Within the antlered hall,
And long and loud the baying hounds
  Return the hunter's call;
And through the woods, and o'er the hill,
  And far along the bay,
The driver's horn is sounding shrill,—
  Up, sportsmen, and away!

No bars of steel, or walls of stone,
  Our little empire bound,
But, circling with his azure zone,
  The sea runs foaming round;
The whitening wave, the purpled skies,
  The blue and lifted shore,
Braid with their dim and blending dyes
  Our wide horizon o'er.

And who will leave the grave debate
  That shakes the smoky town,
To rule amid our island-state,
  And wear our oak-leaf crown?

And who will be awhile content
To hunt our woodland game,
And leave the vulgar pack that scent
The reeking track of fame?

Ah, who that shares in toils like these
Will sigh not to prolong
Our days beneath the broad-leaved trees,
Our nights of mirth and song?
Then leave the dust of noisy streets,
Ye outlaws of the wood,
And follow through his green retreats
Your noble Robin Hood.

DEPARTED DAYS.

YES, dear departed, cherished days,
Could Memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays,
From Time's gray urn once more,—
Then might this restless heart be still,
This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
  We strive against the stream,
Each moment further from the shore
  Where life's young fountains gleam ;—
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
  And wider rolls the sea ;
The mist grows dark,—the sun goes down,—
  Day breaks,—and where are we?

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

THEY bid me strike the idle strings,
  As if my summer days
Had shaken sunbeams from their wings
  To warm my autumn lays ;
They bring to me their painted urn,
  As if it were not time
To lift my gauntlet and to spurn
  The lists of boyish rhyme ;
And, were it not that I have still
  Some weakness in my heart
That clings around my stronger will
  And pleads for gentler art,
Perchance I had not turned away
  The thoughts grown tame with toil,
To cheat this lone and pallid ray,
  That wastes the midnight oil.

Alas ! with every year I feel
  Some roses leave my brow ;
Too young for wisdom's tardy seal,
  Too old for garlands now ;
Yet, while the dewy breath of spring
  Steals o'er the tingling air,
And spreads and fans each emerald wing
  The forest soon shall wear,
How bright the opening year would seem,
  Had I one look like thine,
To meet me when the morning beam
  Unseals these lids of mine !
Too long I bear this lonely lot,
  That bids my heart run wild
To press the lips that love me not,
  To clasp the stranger's child.

How oft beyond the dashing seas,
  Amidst those royal bowers,
Where danced the lilacs in the breeze,
  And swung the chestnut-flowers,
I wandered like a wearied slave
  Whose morning task is done,
To watch the little hands that gave
  Their whiteness to the sun ;
To revel in the bright young eyes,
  Whose lustre sparkled through
The sable fringe of Southern skies
  Or gleamed in Saxon blue !

How oft I heard another's name
Called in some truant's tone;
Sweet accents! which I longed to claim,
To learn and lisp my own!

Too soon the gentle hands, that pressed
The ringlets of the child,
Are folded on the faithful breast
Where first he breathed and smiled;
Too oft the clinging arms untwine,
The melting lips forget,
And darkness veils the bridal shrine
Where wreaths and torches met;
If Heaven but leaves a single thread
Of Hope's dissolving chain,
Even when her parting plumes are spread,
It bids them fold again;
The cradle rocks beside the tomb;
The cheek now changed and still
Smiles on us in the morning bloom
Of one that loves us still.

Sweet image! I have done thee wrong
To claim this destined lay;
The leaf that asked an idle song
Must bear my tears away.

Yet, in thy memory shouldst thou keep
  This else forgotten strain,
Till years have taught thine eyes to weep,
  And flattery's voice is vain;
O then, thou fledgeling of the nest,
  Like the long-wandering dove,
Thy weary heart may faint for rest,
  As mine, on changeless love;
And while these sculptured lines retrace
  The hours now dancing by,
This vision of thy girlish grace
  May cost thee, too, a sigh.

SONG

WRITTEN FOR THE DINNER GIVEN TO CHARLES DICKENS, BY THE YOUNG MEN OF BOSTON, FEB. 1, 1842.

THE stars their early vigils keep,
  The silent hours are near,
When drooping eyes forget to weep,—
  Yet still we linger here;
And what—the passing churl may ask—
  Can claim such wondrous power,
That Toil forgets his wonted task,
  And Love his promised hour?

The Irish harp no longer thrills,
Or breathes a fainter tone;
The clarion blast from Scotland's hills,
Alas! no more is blown;
And Passion's burning lip bewails
Her Harold's wasted fire,
Still lingering o'er the dust that veils
The Lord of England's lyre.

But grieve not o'er its broken strings,
Nor think its soul hath died,
While yet the lark at heaven's gate sings,
As once o'er Avon's side;—
While gentle summer sheds her bloom,
And dewy blossoms wave,
Alike o'er Juliet's storied tomb
And Nelly's nameless grave.

Thou glorious island of the sea!
Though wide the wasting flood
That parts our distant land from thee,
We claim thy generous blood;
Nor o'er thy far horizon springs
One hallowed star of fame,
But kindles, like an angel's wings,
Our western skies in flame!

LINES

RECITED AT THE BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL.

COME back to your mother, ye children, for shame,
Who have wandered like truants, for riches or fame!
With a smile on her face, and a sprig in her cap,
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts, and your lanes,
And breathe, like young eagles, the air of our plains;
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent wives
Will declare it's all nonsense insuring your lives.

Come you of the law, who can talk, if you please,
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese,
And leave "the old lady, that never tells lies,"
To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline
Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac line;
While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbours can go,
The old roundabout road, to the regions below.

You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,
And whose head is an ant-hill of units and tens;
Though Plato denies you, we welcome you still
As a featherless biped, in spite of your quill.

Poor drudge of the city! how happy he feels,
With the burs on his legs, and the grass at his heels!
No *dodger* behind, his bandannas to share,
No constable grumbling, "You mustn't walk there!"

In yonder green meadow, to memory dear,
He slaps a mosquito and brushes a tear;
The dew-drops hang round him on blossoms and shoots,
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his boots.

There stands the old school-house, hard by
the old church;
That tree at its side had the flavour of
birch;
O sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,
Though the prairie of youth had so many
"big licks."

By the side of yon river he weeps and he
slumps,
The boots fill with water, as if they were
pumps,
Till, sated with rapture, he steals to his bed,
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his
head.

'Tis past,—he is dreaming,—I see him
again;
The ledger returns as by legerdemain;
His neckcloth is damp with an easterly flaw,
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus
straw.

He dreams the chill gust is a blossomy gale,
That the straw is a rose from his dear
native vale;
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of
time,
"A 1. Extra super. Ah, isn't it PRIME!"

O what are the prizes we perish to win
To the first little "shiner" we caught with a pin!
No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies!

Then come from all parties, and parts, to our feast;
Though not at the "Astor," we 'll give you at least
A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,
And the best of old—water—at nothing a glass.

NUX POSTCŒNATICA.

I WAS sitting with my microscope, upon my parlour rug,
With a very heavy quarto and a very lively bug;
The true bug had been organized with only two antennæ,
But the humbug in the copperplate would have them twice as many.

And I thought, like Dr. Faustus, of the emptiness of art,
How we take a fragment for the whole, and call the whole a part,

When I heard a heavy footstep that was
loud enough for two,
And a man of forty entered, exclaiming,—
"How d'ye do?"

He was not a ghost, my visitor, but solid
flesh and bone;
He wore a Palo Alto hat, his weight was
twenty stone;
(It 's odd how hats expand their brims as
riper years invade,
As if when life had reached its noon, it
wanted them for shade!)

I lost my focus,—dropped my book,—the
bug, who was a flea,
At once exploded, and commenced experi-
ments on me.
They have a certain heartiness that fre-
quently appalls,—
Those mediæval gentlemen in semilunar
smalls!

"My boy," he said,—(colloquial ways,—the
vast, broad-hatted man,)—
"Come dine with us on Thursday next,—
you must, you know you can;

We're going to have a roaring time, with
lots of fun and noise,
Distinguished guests, et cetera, the JUDGE,
and all the boys."

Not so,—I said,—my temporal bones are
showing pretty clear.
It's time to stop,—just look and see that
hair above this ear;
My golden days are more than spent,—and,
what is very strange,
If these are real silver hairs, I'm getting
lots of change.

Besides—my prospects—don't you know
that people won't employ
A man that wrongs his manliness by laugh-
ing like a boy?
And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds
upon a shoot,
As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish
at its root?

It's a very fine reflection, when you're
etching out a smile
On a copperplate of faces that would stretch
at least a mile,

That, what with sneers from enemies, and
cheapening shrugs of friends,
It will cost you all the earnings that a month
of labour lends!

It 's a vastly pleasing prospect, when you 're
screwing out a laugh,
That your very next year's income is
diminished by a half,
And a little boy trips barefoot that Pegasus
may go,
And the baby's milk is watered that your
Helicon may flow!

No;—the joke has been a good one,—but
I 'm getting fond of quiet,
And I don't like deviations from my cus-
tomary diet;
So I think I will not go with you to hear
the toasts and speeches,
But stick to old Montgomery Place, and
have some pig and peaches.

The fat man answered:—Shut your mouth,
and hear the genuine creed;
The true essentials of a feast are only fun
and feed;

The force that wheels the planets round
delights in spinning tops,
And that young earthquake t'other day was
great at shaking props.

I tell you what, philosopher, if all the
longest heads
That ever knocked their sinciputs in stretch-
ing on their beds
Were round one great mahogany, I'd beat
those fine old folks
With twenty dishes, twenty fools, and
twenty clever jokes!

Why, if Columbus should be there, the
company would beg
He'd show that little trick of his of
balancing the egg!
Milton to Stilton would give in, and Solomon
to Salmon,
And Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis
Bacon gammon!

And as for all the "patronage" of all the
clowns and boors
That squint their little narrow eyes at any
freak of yours,

Do leave them to your prosier friends,—
such fellows ought to die
When rhubarb is so very scarce and ipecac
so high!

And so I come,—like Lochinvar, to tread a
single measure,
To purchase with a loaf of bread a sugar-
plum of pleasure,
To enter for the cup of glass that's run for
after dinner,
Which yields a single sparkling draught,
then breaks and cuts the winner.

Ah, that's the way delusion comes,—a glass
of old Madeira,
A pair of visual diaphragms revolved by
Jane or Sarah,
And down go vows and promises without
the slightest question
If eating words won't compromise the organs
of digestion!

And yet, among my native shades, beside
my nursing mother,
Where every stranger seems a friend, and
every friend a brother,

I feel the old convivial glow (unaided) o'er
me stealing,—
The warm, champagny, old-particular,
brandy-punchy feeling.

We 're all alike;—Vesuvius flings the scoriæ
from his fountain,
But down they come in volleying rain back
to the burning mountain;
We leave, like those volcanic stones, our
precious Alma Mater,
But will keep dropping in again to see the
dear old crater.

VERSES FOR AFTER-DINNER.

Φ B K SOCIETY, 1844.

I WAS thinking last night, as I sat in the
cars,
With the charmingest prospect of cinders
and stars,
Next Thursday is—bless me!—how hard it
will be,
If that cannibal president calls upon me!

There is nothing on earth that he will not
devour,
From a tutor in seed to a freshman in
flower;

No sage is too gray, and no youth is too
green,
And you can't be too plump, though you 're
never too lean.

While others enlarge on the boiled and the
roast,
He serves a raw clergyman up with a toast,
Or catches some doctor, quite tender and
young,
And basely insists on a bit of his tongue.

Poor victim, prepared for his classical spit,
With a stuffing of praise, and a basting of
wit,
You may twitch at your collar, and wrinkle
your brow,
But you 're up on your legs, and you 're in
for it now.

O think of your friends,—they are waiting
to hear
Those jokes that are thought so remarkably
queer ;
And all the Jack Horners of metrical buns
Are prying and fingering to pick out the
puns.

Those thoughts which, like chickens, will always thrive best
When reared by the heat of the natural nest,
Will perish if hatched from their embryo dream
In the mist and the glow of convivial steam.

O pardon me, then, if I meekly retire,
With a very small flash of ethereal fire;
No rubbing will kindle your Lucifer match,
If the *fiz* does not follow the primitive scratch.

Dear friends, who are listening so sweetly the while,
With your lips double-reefed in a snug little smile,—
I leave you two fables, both drawn from the deep,—
The shells you can drop; but the pearls you may keep.

* * * *

The fish called the FLOUNDER, perhaps you may know,
Has one side for use and another for show;
One side for the public, a delicate brown,
And one that is white, which he always keeps down.

A very young flounder, the flattest of flats,
(And they 're none of them thicker than opera hats,)
Was speaking more freely than charity taught
Of a friend and relation that just had been caught.

"My ! what an exposure ! just see what a sight !
I blush for my race,—he is showing his white !
Such spinning and wriggling,—why, what does he wish ?
How painfully small to respectable fish !"

Then said an old SCULPIN,—"My freedom excuse,
But you 're playing the cobbler with holes in your shoes ;
Your brown side is up,—but just wait till you 're tried,
And you 'll find that all flounders are white on one side."

* * * *

There 's a slice near the PICKEREL's pectoral fins,
Where the *thorax* leaves off and the *venter* begins ;

Which his brother, survivor of fish-hooks
and lines,
Though fond of his family, never declines.

He loves his relations; he feels they 'll be
missed;
But that one little titbit he cannot resist;
So your bait may be swallowed, no matter
how fast,
For you catch your next fish with a piece of
the last.

And thus, O survivor, whose merciless fate
Is to take the next hook with the president's
bait,
You are lost while you snatch from the end
of his line
The morsel he rent from this bosom of mine!

A MODEST REQUEST

COMPLIED WITH AFTER THE DINNER AT PRESIDENT EVERETT'S INAUGURATION.

SCENE,—a back parlour in a certain
square,
Or court, or lane,—in short, no matter
where;

Time,—early morning, dear to simple souls
Who love its sunshine, and its fresh-baked rolls;
Persons,—take pity on this telltale blush,
That, like the Æthiop, whispers, "Hush, O hush!"

Delightful scene! where smiling comfort broods,
Nor business frets, nor anxious care intrudes;
O si sic omnia! were it ever so!
But what is stable in this world below?
Medio e fonte,—Virtue has her faults,—
The clearest fountains taste of Epsom salts;
We snatch the cup and lift to drain it dry,—
Its central dimple holds a drowning fly!
Strong is the pine by Maine's ambrosial streams,
But stronger augers pierce its thickest beams;
No iron gate, no spiked and panelled door,
Can keep out death, the postman, or the bore;—
O for a world where peace and silence reign,
And blunted dulness terebrates in vain!
—The door-bell jingles,—enter Richard Fox,
And takes this letter from his leathern box.

"Dear Sir,
In writing on a former day,
One little matter I forgot to say;
I now inform you in a single line,
On Thursday next our purpose is to *dine*.
The act of feeding, as you understand,
Is but a fraction of the work in hand;
Its nobler half is that ethereal meat
The papers call 'the intellectual treat';
Songs, speeches, toasts, around the festive board
Drowned in the juice the College pumps afford;
For only water flanks our knives and forks,
So, sink or float, we swim without the corks.
Yours is the art, by native genius taught,
To clothe in eloquence the naked thought;
Yours is the skill its music to prolong
Through the sweet effluence of mellifluous song;
Yours the quaint trick to cram the pithy line
That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine;
And since success your various gifts attends,
We—that is, I and all your numerous friends—
Expect from you—your single self a host—
A speech, a song, excuse me, *and* a toast;

Nay, not to haggle on so small a claim,
A few of each, or several of the same.
(Signed), Yours, *most truly*, ——"
No ! my sight must fail,—
If that ain't Judas on the largest scale !

Well, this *is* modest ;—nothing else than that ?
My coat ? my boots ? my pantaloons ? my hat ?
My stick ? my gloves ? as well as all my wits,
Learning and linen,—everything that fits !

Jack, said my lady, is it grog you 'll try,
Or punch, or toddy, if perhaps you 're dry ?
Ah, said the sailor, though I can't refuse,
You know, my lady, 'tain't for me to choose ;—
I 'll take the grog to finish off my lunch,
And drink the toddy while you mix the punch.

THE SPEECH. (The speaker, rising to be seen,
Looks very red, because so very green.)
I rise—I rise—with unaffected fear,
(Louder ! speak louder !—who the deuce can hear ?)

I rise—I said—with undisguised dismay—
—Such are my feelings as I rise, I say !
Quite unprepared to face this learned throng,
Already gorged with eloquence and song ;
Around my view are ranged on either hand
The genius, wisdom, virtue, of the land ;
" Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed "
Close at my elbow stir their lemonade ;
Would you like Homer learn to write and speak,
That bench is groaning with its weight of Greek ;
Behold the naturalist who in his 'teens
Found six new species in a dish of greens ;
And lo, the master in a statelier walk,
Whose annual ciphering takes a ton of chalk ;
And there the linguist, who by common roots
Thro' all their nurseries tracks old Noah's shoots,—
How Shem's proud children reared the Assyrian piles,
While Ham's were scattered through the Sandwich Isles !

—Fired at the thought of all the present shows,
My kindling fancy down the future flows :

I see the glory of the coming days
O'er Time's horizon shoot its streaming rays;
Near and more near the radiant morning draws
In living lustre (rapturous applause);
From east to west the blazing heralds run,
Loosed from the chariot of the ascending sun,
Through the long vista of uncounted years
In cloudless splendour (three tremendous cheers).
My eye prophetic, as the depths unfold,
Sees a new advent of the age of gold;
While o'er the scene new generations press,
New heroes rise the coming time to bless,—
Not such as Homer's, who, we read in Pope,
Dined without forks and never heard of soap,—
Not such as May to Marlborough Chapel brings,
Lean, hungry, savage, anti-everythings,
Copies of Luther in the pasteboard style,—
But genuine articles,—the true Carlyle;
While far on high the blazing orb shall shed
Its central light on Harvard's holy head,
And Learning's ensigns ever float unfurled
Here in the focus of the new-born world!

The speaker stops, and, trampling down the pause,
Roars through the hall the thunder of applause,
One stormy gust of long-suspended Ahs!
One whirlwind chaos of insane hurrahs!

THE SONG. But this demands a briefer line,—
A shorter muse, and not the old long Nine;—
Long metre answers for a common song,
Though common metre does not answer long.

She came beneath the forest dome
To seek its peaceful shade,
An exile from her ancient home,—
A poor, forsaken maid;
No banner, flaunting high above,
No blazoned cross, she bore;
One holy book of light and love
Was all her worldly store.

The dark brown shadows passed away,
And wider spread the green,
And, where the savage used to stray,
The rising mart was seen;

So, when the laden winds had brought
Their showers of golden rain,
Her lap some precious gleanings caught,
Like Ruth's amid the grain.

But wrath soon gathered uncontrolled
Among the baser churls,
To see her ankles red with gold,
Her forehead white with pearls;
"Who gave to thee the glittering bands
That lace thine azure veins?
Who bade thee lift those snow-white hands
We bound in gilded chains?"

"These are the gems my children gave,"
The stately dame replied;
"The wise, the gentle, and the brave,
I nurtured at my side;
If envy still your bosom stings,
Take back their rims of gold;
My sons will melt their wedding-rings,
And give a hundred-fold!"

THE TOAST. O tell me, ye who thoughtless ask
Exhausted Nature for a threefold task,

In wit or pathos if one share remains,
A safe investment for an ounce of brains?
Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun,
A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one.
Turned by the current of some stronger wit
Back from the object that you mean to hit,
Like the strange missile which the Australian throws,
Your verbal *boomerang* slaps you on the nose.
One vague inflection spoils the whole with doubt,
One trivial letter ruins all, left out;
A knot can choke a felon into clay,
A not will save him, spelt without the k;
The smallest word has some unguarded spot,
And danger lurks in i without a dot.

Thus great Achilles, who had shown his zeal
In healing wounds, died of a wounded heel;
Unhappy chief, who, when in childhood doused,
Had saved his bacon, had his feet been soused!
Accursed heel that killed a hero stout!
O, had your mother known that you were out,

Death had not entered at the trifling part
That still defies the small chirurgeon's art
With corns and bunions,—not the glorious
John,
Who wrote the book we all have pondered
on,—
But other bunions, bound in fleecy hose,
To "Pilgrim's Progress" unrelenting foes!

A health, unmingled with the reveller's wine,
To him whose title is indeed divine;
Truth's sleepless watchman on her midnight
tower,
Whose lamp burns brightest when the tem-
pests lower.
O who can tell with what a leaden flight
Drag the long watches of his weary night,
While at his feet the hoarse and blinding
gale
Strews the torn wreck and bursts the fragile
sail,
When stars have faded, when the wave is
dark,
When rocks and sands embrace the founder-
ing bark,
And still he pleads with unavailing cry,
Behold the light, O wanderer, look or die!

A health, fair Themis! Would the enchanted vine
Wreathed its green tendrils round this cup of thine;
If Learning's radiance fill thy modern court,
Its glorious sunshine streams through Blackstone's port!
Lawyers are thirsty, and their clients too,
Witness at least, if memory serve me true,
Those old tribunals, famed for dusty suits,
Where men sought justice ere they brushed their boots;—
And what can match, to solve a learned doubt,
The warmth within that comes from "cold without"?

Health to the art whose glory is to give
The crowning boon that makes it life to live.
Ask not her home;—the rock where Nature flings
Her arctic lichen, last of living things,
The gardens, fragrant with the Orient's balm,
From the low jasmine to the star-like palm,
Hail her as mistress o'er the distant waves,
And yield their tribute to her wandering slaves.
Wherever, moistening the ungrateful soil,
The tear of suffering tracks the path of toil,

There, in the anguish of his fevered hours,
Her gracious finger points to healing flowers;
Where the lost felon steals away to die,
Her soft hand waves before his closing eye;
Where hunted misery finds his darkest lair,
The midnight taper shows her kneeling there!
VIRTUE,—the guide that men and nations own;
And LAW,—the bulwark that protects her throne;
And HEALTH,—to all its happiest charm that lends;
These and their servants, man's untiring friends;
Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself lets fall,—
In one fair bumper let us toast them all!

THE PARTING WORD.

I MUST leave thee, lady sweet!
Months shall waste before we meet;
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed;
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark;
Through thy tears, O lady mine
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet;
When the morning star shall rise,
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes;
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,
Taught too well that wild despair
Dims thine eyes, and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek;
In the first month's second half
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh;
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,
Slightly puckering round the lip,
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last,
Round thy chamber bolted fast
Many a youth shall fume and pout,
"Hang the girl, she 's always out!"
While the second week goes round,
Vainly shall they ring and pound;
When the third week shall begin,
"Martha, let the creature in."

Now once more the flattering throng
Round thee flock with smile and song,
But thy lips, unweaned as yet,
Lisp, "O, how can I forget!"

Men and devils both contrive
Traps for catching girls alive;
Eve was duped, and Helen kissed,—
How, O how can you resist?

First, be careful of your fan,
Trust it not to youth or man;
Love has filled a pirate's sail
Often with its perfumed gale.
Mind your kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;
Shorter ell than mercers clip
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes;
All the hemp that Russia bears
Scarce would answer lovers' prayers;
Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretched the line,
Would not hold the lovers true
That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Beating breasts in black despair;
Others murmur with a sigh,
You must melt, or they will die;
Painted words on empty lies,
Grubs with wings like butterflies;

Let them die, and welcome, too;
Pray what better could they do?

Fare thee well, if years efface
From thy heart love's burning trace,
Keep, O keep that hallowed seat
From the tread of vulgar feet;
If the blue lips of the sea
Wait with icy kiss for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Sealed how often, Love, as now.

A SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

AS o'er the glacier's frozen sheet
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,
So, through life's desert springing sweet,
The flower of friendship grows;
And as, where'er the roses grow,
Some rain or dew descends,
'Tis Nature's law that wine should flow
To wet the lips of friends.
Then once again, before we part,
My empty glass shall ring;
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall loudest laugh and sing.

They say we were not born to eat;
But gray-haired sages think
It means,—Be moderate in your meat,
And partly live to drink;

For baser tribes the rivers flow
That know not wine or song;
Man wants but little drink below,
But wants that little strong.
Then once again, etc.

If one bright drop is like the gem
That decks a monarch's crown,
One goblet holds a diadem
Of rubies melted down!
A fig for Cæsar's blazing brow,
But, like the Egyptian queen,
Bid each dissolving jewel glow
My thirsty lips between.
Then once again, etc.

The Grecian's mound, the Roman's urn,
Are silent when we call,
Yet still the purple grapes return
To cluster on the wall;
It was a bright Immortal's head
They circled with the vine,
And o'er their best and bravest dead
They poured the dark-red wine.
Then once again, etc.

Methinks o'er every sparkling glass
Young Eros waves his wings,
And echoes o'er its dimples pass
From dead Anacreon's strings;

And, tossing round its beaded brim
Their locks of floating gold,
With bacchant dance and choral hymn
Return the nymphs of old.
Then once again, etc.

A welcome then to joy and mirth,
From hearts as fresh as ours,
To scatter o'er the dust of earth
Their sweetly mingled flowers;
'Tis Wisdom's self the cup that fills
In spite of Folly's frown,
And Nature, from her vine-clad hills,
That rains her life-blood down!
Then once again, before we part,
My empty glass shall ring;
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall loudest laugh and sing.

SONG.

FOR A TEMPERANCE DINNER TO WHICH LADIES WERE INVITED (NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, NOV. 1842).

A HEALTH to dear woman! She bids us untwine,
From the cup it encircles, the fast-clinging vine;

But her cheek in its crystal with pleasure will glow,
And mirror its bloom in the bright wave below.

A health to sweet woman! The dàys are no more
When she watched for her lord till the revel was o'er,
And smoothed the white pillow, and blushed when he came,
As she pressed her cold lips on his forehead of flame.

Alas for the loved one! too spotless and fair
The joys of his banquet to chasten and share;
Her eye lost its light that his goblet might shine,
And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in his wine.

Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows in the rills,
As their ribbons of silver unwind from the hills;
They breathe not the mist of the bacchanal's dream,
But the lilies of innocence float on their stream.

Then a health and a welcome to woman once more!
She brings us a passport that laughs at our door;
It is written on crimson,—its letters are pearls,—
It is countersigned *Nature*.—So, room for the Girls!

A SENTIMENT.

THE pledge of Friendship! it is still divine,
Though watery floods have quenched its burning wine;
Whatever vase the sacred drops may hold,
The gourd, the shell, the cup of beaten gold,
Around its brim the hand of Nature throws
A garland sweeter than the banquet's rose.
Bright are the blushes of the vine-wreathed bowl,
Warm with the sunshine of Anacreon's soul;
But dearer memories gild the tasteless wave
That fainting Sidney perished as he gave.
'Tis the heart's current lends the cup its glow,
Whate'er the fountain whence the draught may flow,—

The diamond dew-drops sparkling through
the sand,
Scooped by the Arab in his sunburnt hand,
Or the dark streamlet oozing from the snow,
Where creep and crouch the shuddering
Esquimaux;—
Ay, in the stream that, ere again we meet,
Shall burst the pavement, glistening at
our feet,
And, stealing silent from its leafy hills,
Thread all our alleys with its thousand
rills,—
In each pale draught if generous feeling
blend,
And o'er the goblet friend shall smile on
friend,
Even cold Cochituate every heart shall warm,
And genial Nature still defy reform!

A RHYMED LESSON.

(URANIA.)

This poem was delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, October 14, 1846.

YES, dear enchantress,—wandering far
and long,
In realms unperfumed by the breath of song,

Where flowers ill-flavoured shed their sweets around,
And bitterest roots invade the ungenial ground,
Whose gems are crystals from the Epsom mine,
Whose vineyards flow with antimonial wine,
Whose gates admit no mirthful feature in,
Save one gaunt mocker, the Sardonic grin,
Whose pangs are real, not the woes of rhyme
That blue-eyed misses warble out of time;—
Truant, not recreant to thy sacred claim,
Older by reckoning, but in heart the same,
Freed for a moment from the chains of toil,
I tread once more thy consecrated soil;
Here at thy feet my old allegiance own,
Thy subject still, and loyal to thy throne!

My dazzled glance explores the crowded hall;
Alas, how vain to hope the smiles of all!
I know my audience. All the gay and young
Love the light antics of a playful tongue;
And these, remembering some expansive line
My lips let loose among the nuts and wine,
Are all impatience till the opening pun
Proclaims the witty shamfight is begun.

Two-fifths at least, if not the total half,
Have come infuriate for an earthquake laugh;
I know full well what alderman has tied
His red bandanna tight about his side;
I see the mother, who, aware that boys
Perform their laughter with superfluous noise,
Beside her kerchief, brought an extra one
To stop the explosions of her bursting son;
I know a tailor, once a friend of mine,
Expects great doings in the button line;—
For mirth's concussions rip the outward case,
And plant the stitches in a tenderer place.
I know my audience;—these shall have their due;
A smile awaits them ere my song is through!

I know myself. Not servile for applause,
My muse permits no deprecating clause;
Modest or vain, she will not be denied
One bold confession due to honest pride;
And well she knows the drooping veil of song
Shall save her boldness from the caviller's wrong.
Her sweeter voice the Heavenly Maid imparts
To tell the secrets of our aching hearts;

For this, a suppliant, captive, prostrate, bound,
She kneels imploring at the feet of sound;
For this, convulsed in thought's maternal pains,
She loads her arms with rhyme's resounding chains:
Faint though the music of her fetters be,
It lends one charm;—her lips are ever free!

Think not I come in manhood's fiery noon,
To steal his laurels from the stage buffoon;
His sword of lath the harlequin may wield;
Behold the star upon my lifted shield!
Though the just critic pass my humble name,
And sweeter lips have drained the cup of fame,
While my gay stanza pleased the banquet's Lords,
The soul within was tuned to deeper chords!
Say, shall my arms, in other conflicts taught
To swing aloft the ponderous mace of thought,
Lift, in obedience to a school-girl's law,
Mirth's tinsel wand or laughter's tickling straw?

Say, shall I wound with satire's rankling spear
The pure, warm hearts that bid me welcome here?
No! while I wander through the land of dreams,
To strive with great and play with trifling themes,
Let some kind meaning fill the varied line;
You have your judgment; will you trust to mine?

Between two breaths what crowded mysteries lie,—
The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn sigh!
Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,
Forth from the darkness of the past we glide,
As living shadows for a moment seen
In airy pageant on the eternal screen,
Traced by a ray from one unchanging flame,
Then seek the dust and stillness whence we came.

But whence, and why, our trembling souls inquire,
Caught these dim visions their awakening fire?

O who forgets when first the piercing thought
Through childhood's musings found its way unsought?
I AM;—I LIVE. The mystery and the fear
When the dread question, WHAT HAS BROUGHT ME HERE?
Burst through life's twilight, as before the sun
Roll the deep thunders of the morning gun!

Are angel faces, silent and serene,
Bent on the conflicts of this little scene,
Whose dream-like efforts, whose unreal strife,
Are but the preludes to a larger life?

Or does life's summer see the end of all,
These leaves of being mouldering as they fall,
As the old poet vaguely used to deem,
As WESLEY questioned in his youthful dream?
O could such mockery reach our souls indeed,
Give back the Pharaohs' or the Athenian's creed;
Better than this a Heaven of man's device,—
The Indian's sports, the Moslem's paradise!

Or is our being's only end and aim
To add new glories to our Maker's name,
As the poor insect, shrivelling in the blaze,
Lends a faint sparkle to its streaming rays?
Does earth send upwards to the Eternal's ear
The mingled discords of her jarring sphere
To swell his anthem, while creation rings
With notes of anguish from its shattered strings?
Is it for this the immortal Artist means
These conscious, throbbing, agonised machines?

Dark is the soul whose sullen creed can bind
In chains like these the all-embracing Mind;
No! two-faced bigot, thou dost ill reprove
The sensual, selfish, yet benignant Jove,
And praise a tyrant throned in lonely pride,
Who loves himself, and cares for naught beside;
Who gave thee, summoned from primeval night,
A thousand laws, and not a single right,—
A heart to feel, and quivering nerves to thrill,
The sense of wrong, the death-defying will;

Who girt thy senses with this goodly frame,
Its earthly glories and its orbs of flame,
Not for thyself, unworthy of a thought,
Poor helpless victim of a life unsought,
But all for him, unchanging and supreme,
The heartless centre of thy frozen scheme !

Trust not the teacher with his lying scroll,
Who tears the charter of thy shuddering soul ;
The God of love, who gave the breath that warms
All living dust in all its varied forms,
Asks not the tribute of a world like this
To fill the measure of his perfect bliss.
Though winged with life through all its radiant shores,
Creation flowed with unexhausted stores
Cherub and seraph had not yet enjoyed ;
For this he called thee from the quickening void !
Nor this alone ; a larger gift was thine,
A mightier purpose swelled his vast design ;
Thought, — conscience, — will, — to make them all thine own,
He rent a pillar from the eternal throne !

Made in his image, thou must nobly dare
The thorny crown of sovereignty to share.
With eye uplifted, it is thine to view,
From thine own centre, Heaven's o'er-arching blue;
So round thy heart a beaming circle lies
No fiend can blot, no hypocrite disguise;
From all its orbs one cheering voice is heard,
Full to thine ear it bears the Father's word,
Now, as in Eden where his first-born trod:
"Seek thine own welfare, true to man and God!"
Think not too meanly of thy low estate;
Thou hast a choice; to choose is to create!
Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,
Angels approve thee when thy choice is well;
Remember, One, a judge of righteous men,
Swore to spare Sodom if she held but ten!
Use well the freedom which thy Master gave,
(Think'st thou that Heaven can tolerate a slave?)
And he who made thee to be just and true
Will bless thee, love thee,—ay, respect thee too!

Nature has placed thee on a changeful tide,
To breast its waves, but not without a guide;
Yet, as the needle will forget its aim,
Jarred by the fury of the electric flame,
As the true current it will falsely feel,
Warped from its axis by a freight of steel;
So will thy CONSCIENCE lose its balanced truth,
If passion's lightning fall upon thy youth;
So the pure effluence quit its sacred hold,
Girt round too deeply with magnetic gold.
Go to yon tower, where busy Science plies
Her vast antennæ, feeling through the skies;
That little vernier on whose slender lines
The midnight taper trembles as it shines,
A silent index, tracks the planets' march
In all their wanderings through the ethereal arch,
Tells through the mist where dazzled Mercury burns,
And marks the spot where Uranus returns.
So, till by wrong or negligence effaced,
The living index which thy Maker traced
Repeats the line each starry Virtue draws
Through the wide circuit of creation's laws;

Still tracks unchanged the everlasting ray
Where the dark shadows of temptation stray;
But, once defaced, forgets the orbs of light,
And leaves thee wandering o'er the expanse of night.

"What is thy creed?" a hundred lips inquire;
"Thou seekest God beneath what Christian spire?"
Nor ask they idly, for uncounted lies
Float upward on the smoke of sacrifice;
When man's first incense rose above the plain,
Of earth's two altars one was built by Cain!
Uncursed by doubt, our earliest creed we take;
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake;
The simple lessons which the nursery taught
Fell soft and stainless on the buds of thought,
And the full blossom owes its fairest hue
To those sweet tear-drops of affection's dew.
Too oft the light that led our earlier hours
Fades with the perfume of our cradle flowers;

The clear, cold question chills to frozen doubt;
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without;
O then, if Reason waver at thy side,
Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide;
Go to thy birthplace, and, if faith was there,
Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer!

Faith loves to lean on Time's destroying arm,
And age, like distance, lends a double charm;
In dim cathedrals, dark with vaulted gloom,
What holy awe invests the saintly tomb!
There pride will bow, and anxious care expand,
And creeping avarice come with open hand;
The gay can weep, the impious can adore,
From morn's first glimmerings on the chancel floor,
Till dying sunset sheds his crimson stains
Through the faint halos of the irised panes.
Yet there are graves, whose rudely-shapen sod
Bears the fresh footprints where the sexton trod;

Graves where the verdure has not dared to
shoot,
Where the chance wild-flower has not fixed
its root,
Whose slumbering tenants, dead without a
name,
The eternal record shall at length proclaim
Pure as the holiest in the long array
Of hooded, mitred, or tiara'd clay !

Come, seek the air ; some pictures we
may gain
Whose passing shadows shall not be in vain ;
Not from the scenes that crowd the
stranger's soil,
Not from our own amidst the stir of toil,
But when the Sabbath brings its kind re-
lease,
And Care lies slumbering on the lap of Peace.

The air is hushed ; the street is holy
ground ;
Hark ! the sweet bells renew their welcome
sound ;
As one by one awakes each silent tongue,
It tells the turret whence its voice is flung.

The Chapel, last of sublunary things
That stirs our echoes with the name of
Kings,

Whose bell, just glistening from the font and forge,
Rolled its proud requiem for the second George,
Solemn and swelling, as of old it rang,
Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous clang ;—
The simpler pile, that, mindful of the hour
When Howe's artillery shook its half-built tower,
Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,
The iron breastpin which the "Rebels" threw,
Wakes the sharp echoes with the quivering thrill
Of keen vibrations, tremulous and shrill ;—
Aloft, suspended in the morning's fire,
Crash the vast cymbals from the Southern spire ;—
The Giant, standing by the elm-clad green,
His white lance lifted o'er the silent scene,
Whirling in air his brazen goblet round,
Swings from its brim the swollen floods of sound ;—
While, sad with memories of the olden time,
Throbs from his tower the Northern Minstrel's chime,

Faint, single tones, that spell their ancient song,
But tears still follow as they breathe along.

Child of the soil, whom fortune sends to range
Where man and nature, faith and customs change,
Borne in thy memory, each familiar tone
Mourns on the winds that sigh in every zone.
When Ceylon sweeps thee with her perfumed breeze
Through the warm billows of the Indian seas;
When—ship and shadow blended both in one—
Flames o'er thy mast the equatorial sun,
From sparkling midnight to refulgent noon
Thy canvas swelling with the still monsoon;
When through thy shrouds the wild tornado sings,
And thy poor seabird folds her tattered wings,—
Oft will delusion o'er thy senses steal,
And airy echoes ring the Sabbath peal!

Then, dim with grateful tears, in long array
Rise the fair town, the island-studded bay,
Home, with its smiling board, its cheering fire,
The half-choked welcome of the expecting sire,
The mother's kiss, and, still if aught remain,
Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent strain.—
Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail lean
To muse unheeded, and to weep unseen;
Fear not the tropic's dews, the evening's chills,
His heart lies warm among his triple hills!

Turned from her path by this deceitful gleam,
My wayward fancy half forgets her theme;
See through the streets that slumbered in repose
The living current of devotion flows;
Its varied forms in one harmonious band,
Age leading childhood by its dimpled hand,
Want, in the robe whose faded edges fail
To tell of rags beneath the tartan shawl,
And wealth, in silks that, fluttering to appear,
Lift the deep borders of the proud cashmere.

See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and pale,
Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's veil;
Alone she wanders where with *him* she trod,
No arm to stay her, but she leans on God.
While other doublets deviate here and there,
What secret handcuff binds that pretty pair?
Compactest couple! pressing side to side,—
Ah, the white bonnet that reveals the bride!
By the white neckcloth, with its straitened tie,
The sober hat, the Sabbath-speaking eye,
Severe and smileless, he that runs may read
The stern disciple of Geneva's creed;
Decent and slow, behold his solemn march;
Silent he enters through yon crowded arch.
A livelier bearing of the outward man,
The light-hued gloves, the undevout rattan,
Now smartly raised or half-profanely twirled,—
A bright, fresh twinkle from the week-day world,—
Tell their plain story;—yes, thine eyes behold
A cheerful Christian from the liberal fold.

Down the chill street that curves in gloomiest shade
What marks betray yon solitary maid?
The cheek's red rose that speaks of balmier air;
The Celtic hue that shades her braided hair;
The gilded missal in her kerchief tied;
Poor Nora, exile from Killarney's side!
Sister in toil, though blanched by colder skies,
That left their azure in her downcast eyes,
See pallid Margaret, Labour's patient child,
Scarce weaned from home, the nursling of the wild,
Where white Katahdin o'er the horizon shines,
And broad Penobscot dashes through the pines.
Still, as she hastes, her careful fingers hold
The unfailing hymn-book in its cambric fold.
Six days at drudgery's heavy wheel she stands,
The seventh sweet morning folds her weary hands;
Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!

This weekly picture faithful Memory draws,
Nor claims the noisy tribute of applause;
Faint is the glow such barren hopes can lend,
And frail the line that asks no loftier end.
Trust me, kind listener, I will yet beguile
Thy saddened features of the promised smile;
This magic mantle thou must well divide,
It has its sable and its ermine side;
Yet, ere the lining of the robe appears,
Take thou in silence what I give in tears.

Dear listening soul, this transitory scene
Of murmuring stillness, busily serene,—
This solemn pause, the breathing-space of man,
The halt of toil's exhausted caravan,—
Comes sweet with music to thy wearied ear;
Rise with its anthems to a holier sphere!

Deal meekly, gently, with the hopes that guide
The lowliest brother straying from thy side;
If right, they bid thee tremble for thine own,
If wrong, the verdict is for God alone!

What though the champions of thy faith esteem
The sprinkled fountain or baptismal stream;

Shall jealous passions in unseemly strife
Cross their dark weapons o'er the waves of life?

Let my free soul, expanding as it can,
Leave to his scheme the thoughtful Puritan;
But Calvin's dogma shall my lips deride?
In that stern faith my angel Mary died;—
Or ask if mercy's milder creed can save,
Sweet sister, risen from thy new-made grave?

True, the harsh founders of thy church reviled
That ancient faith, the trust of Erin's child;
Must thou be raking in the crumbled past
For racks and faggots in her teeth to cast?
See from the ashes of Helvetia's pile
The whitened skull of old Servetus smile!
Round her young heart thy "Romish Upas" threw
Its firm, deep fibres, strengthening as she grew;
Thy sneering voice may call them "Popish tricks,"—
Her Latin prayers, her dangling crucifix,—
But *De Profundis* blessed her father's grave;
That "idol" cross her dying mother gave!

What if some angel looks with equal eyes
On her and thee, the simple and the wise,
Writes each dark fault against thy brighter creed,
And drops a tear with every foolish bead!

Grieve, as thou must, o'er history's reeking page;
Blush for the wrongs that stain thy happier age;
Strive with the wanderer from the better path,
Bearing thy message meekly, not in wrath;
Weep for the frail that err, the weak that fall,
Have thine own faith,—but hope and pray for all!

Faith; Conscience; Love. A meaner task remains,
And humbler thoughts must creep in lowlier strains;
Shalt thou be honest? Ask the worldly schools,
And all will tell thee knaves are busier fools;
Prudent? Industrious? Let not modern pens
Instruct "Poor Richard's" fellow-citizens.

Be firm! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck;

See yon tall shaft ; it felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.

Stick to your aim ; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields !

Yet in opinions look not always back ;
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track ;
Leave what you 've done for what you have to do ;
Don't be " consistent," but be simply true.

Don't catch the fidgets ; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss ;—
Think of the patriarchs ; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen !

Run, if you like, but try to keep your
breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to
death;
And with new notions,—let me change the
rule,—
Don't strike the iron till it 's slightly cool.

Choose well your *set*; our feeble nature
seeks
The aid of clubs, the countenance of cliques;
And with this object settle first of all
Your weight of metal and your size of ball.
Track not the steps of such as hold you
cheap,
Too mean to prize, though good enough to
keep;
The "real, genuine, no-mistake Tom
Thumbs"
Are little people fed on great men's crumbs.
Yet keep no followers of that hateful brood
That basely mingles with its wholesome food
The tumid reptile, which, the poet said,
Doth wear a precious jewel in his head.

If the wild filly, "Progress," thou wouldst
ride,
Have young companions ever at thy side;

But, wouldst thou stride the staunch old
mare, "Success,"
Go with thine elders, though they please
thee less.

Shun such as lounge through afternoons
and eves,
And on thy dial write, "Beware of thieves!"
Felon of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures which thy fingers
steal,
Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,
But spare the right,—it holds my golden
time!

Does praise delight thee! Choose some
ultra side;
A sure old recipe, and often tried;
Be its apostle, congressman, or bard,
Spokesman, or jokesman, only drive it hard;
But know the forfeit which thy choice
abides,
For on two wheels the poor reformer rides,
One black with epithets the *anti* throws,
One white with flattery painted by the *pros.*

Though books on MANNERS are not out of
print,
An honest tongue may drop a harmless hint.

Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet,
To spin your wordy fabric in the street;
While you are emptying your colloquial pack,
The fiend *Lumbago* jumps upon his back.
Nor cloud his features with the unwelcome tale
Of how he looks, if haply thin and pale;
Health is a subject for his child, his wife,
And the rude office that insures his life.
Look in his face, to meet thy neighbour's soul,
Not on his garments, to detect a hole;
"How to observe," is what thy pages show,
Pride of thy sex, Miss Harriet Martineau!
O, what a precious book the one would be
That taught observers what they 're *not* to see!

I tell in verse,—'twere better done in prose,—
One curious trick that everybody knows;
Once form this habit, and it 's very strange
How long it sticks, how hard it is to change.
Two friendly people, both disposed to smile,
Who meet, like others, every little while,
Instead of passing with a pleasant bow,
And "How d'ye do?" or "How 's your uncle now?"

Impelled by feelings in their nature kind,
But slightly weak, and somewhat undefined,
Rush at each other, make a sudden stand,
Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand;
Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely struck,
Their meeting so was such a piece of luck;
Each thinks the other thinks he's greatly pleased
To screw the vice in which they both are squeezed;
So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or snow,
Both bored to death, and both afraid to go!
Your hat once lifted, do not hang your fire,
Nor, like slow Ajax, fighting still, retire;
When your old castor on your crown you clap,
Go off; you've mounted your percussion cap.

Some words on LANGUAGE may be well applied,
And take them kindly, though they touch your pride;
Words lead to things; a scale is more precise,—
Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking, vice.

Our cold North-easter's icy fetter clips
The native freedom of the Saxon lips;
See the brown peasant of the plastic South,
How all his passions play about his mouth!
With us, the feature that transmits the soul,
A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole.
The crampy shackles of the ploughboy's walk
Tie the small muscles when he strives to talk;
Not all the pumice of the polished town
Can smooth this roughness of the barnyard down;
Rich, honoured, titled, he betrays his race
By this one mark,—he's awkward in the face;—
Nature's rude impress, long before he knew
The sunny street that holds the sifted few.
It can't be helped, though, if we're taken young,
We gain some freedom of the lips and tongue;
But school and college often try in vain
To break the padlock of our boyhood's chain:
One stubborn word will prove this axiom true,—
No quondam rustic can enunciate *view*.
A few brief stanzas may be well employed
To speak of errors we can all avoid.

Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
The careless lips that speak of sŏap for sōap ;
Her edict exiles from her fair abode
The clownish voice that utters rŏad for rōad :
Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cŏat,
And steers his bōat, believing it a bŏat,
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,
Who said at Cambridge, mŏst instead of mōst,
But knit her brows and stamped her angry foot
To hear her Teacher call a rōot a rŏot.

Once more ; speak clearly, if you speak at all ;
Carve every word before you let it fall ;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over hard to roll the British R ;
Do put your accents in the proper spot ;
Don't,—let me beg you,—don't say "How?" for "What?"
And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

From little matters let us pass to less,
And lightly touch the mysteries of DRESS ;

The outward forms the inner man reveal,—
We guess the pulp before we cut the peel.

I leave the broadcloth,—coats and all the rest,—
The dangerous waistcoat, called by cockneys "vest,"
The things named "pants" in certain documents,
A word not made for gentlemen, but "gents";
One single precept might the whole condense:
Be sure your tailor is a man of sense;
But add a little care, a decent pride,
And always err upon the sober side.

Three pairs of boots one pair of feet demands,
If polished daily by the owner's hands;
If the dark menial's visit save from this,
Have twice the number, for he 'll sometimes miss.
One pair for critics of the nicer sex,
Close in the instep's clinging circumflex,
Long, narrow, light; the Gallic boot of love,
A kind of cross between a boot and glove.

Compact, but easy, strong, substantial, square,
Let native art compile the medium pair.
The third remains, and let your tasteful skill
Here show some relics of affection still;
Let no stiff cowhide, reeking from the tan,
No rough caoutchouc, no deformed brogan,
Disgrace the tapering outline of your feet,
Though yellow torrents gurgle through the street.

Wear seemly gloves; not black, nor yet too light,
And least of all the pair that once was white;
Let the dead party where you told your loves
Bury in peace its dead bouquets and gloves;
Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,
But be a parent,—don't neglect your kids.

Have a good hat; the secret of your looks
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks;
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and Nature scorn the shocking hat.
Does beauty slight you from her gay abodes?
Like bright Apollo, you must take to *Rhoades*,—

Mount the new castor,—ice itself will melt;
Boots, gloves, may fail; the hat is always felt!

Be shy of breastpins; plain, well-ironed white,
With small pearl buttons,—two of them in sight,—
Is always genuine, while your gems may pass,
Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass;
But spurn those paltry Cisatlantic lies,
That round his breast the shabby rustic ties;
Breathe not the name, profaned to hallow things
The indignant laundress blushes when she brings!

Our freeborn race, averse to every check,
Has tossed the yoke of Europe from its *neck*;
From the green prairie to the sea-girt town,
The whole wide nation turns its collars down.
The stately neck is manhood's manliest part;
It takes the life-blood freshest from the heart;

With short, curled ringlets close around it spread,
How light and strong it lifts the Grecian head!
Thine, fair Erechtheus of Minerva's wall;—
Or thine, young athlete, of the Louvre's hall,
Smooth as the pillar flashing in the sun
That filled the arena where thy wreaths were won,—
Firm as the band that clasps the antlered spoil,
Strained in the winding anaconda's coil!

I spare the contrast; it were only kind
To be a little, nay, intensely blind:
Choose for yourself: I know it cuts your ear;
I know the points will sometimes interfere;
I know that often, like the filial John,
Whom sleep surprised with half his drapery on,
You show your features to the astonished town
With one side standing and the other down;—
But, O my friend! my favourite fellow-man!
If Nature made you on her modern plan,

Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare,—
The fruit of Eden ripening in the air,—
With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,
Wear standing collars, were they made of tin!
And have a neck-cloth,—by the throat of Jove!
Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!

The long-drawn lesson narrows to its close,
Chill, slender, slow, the dwindled current flows;
Tired of the ripples on its feeble springs,
Once more the Muse unfolds her upward wings.

Land of my birth, with this unhallowed tongue,
Thy hopes, thy dangers, I perchance had sung;
But who shall sing, in brutal disregard
Of all the essentials of the "native bard"?
Lake, sea, shore, prairie, forest, mountain, fall,
His eye omnivorous must devour them all;
The tallest summits and the broadest tides
His foot must compass with its giant strides,

Where Ocean thunders, where Missouri rolls,
And tread at once the tropics and the poles;
His food all forms of earth, fire, water, air,
His home all space, his birthplace everywhere.

Some grave compatriot, having seen perhaps
The pictured page that goes in Worcester's Maps,
And read in earnest what was said in jest,
"Who drives fat oxen"—please to add the rest,—
Sprung the odd notion that the poet's dreams
Grow in the ratio of his hills and streams;
And hence insisted that the aforesaid "bard,"
Pink of the future,—fancy's pattern-card,—
The babe of Nature in the "giant West,"
Must be of course her biggest and her best.

O when at length the expected bard shall come,
Land of our pride, to strike thine echoes dumb
(And many a voice exclaims in prose and rhyme,
It 's getting late, and he 's behind his time),

When all thy mountains clap their hands in joy,
And all thy cataracts thunder, "That's the boy,"—
Say if with him the reign of song shall end,
And Heaven declare its final dividend?

Be calm, dear brother! whose impassioned strain
Comes from an alley watered by a drain;
The little Mincio, dribbling to the Po,
Beats all the epics of the Hoang Ho;
If loved in earnest by the tuneful maid,
Don't mind their nonsense,—never be afraid!

The nurse of poets feeds her wingèd brood
By common firesides, on familiar food;
In a low hamlet, by a narrow stream,
Where bovine rustics used to doze and dream,
She filled young William's fiery fancy full,
While old John Shakespeare talked of beeves and wool!

No Alpine needle, with its climbing spire,
Brings down for mortals the Promethean fire,
If careless Nature have forgot to frame
An altar worthy of the sacred flame.

Unblest by any save the goatherd's lines,
Mont Blanc rose soaring through his "sea
of pines";
In vain the rivers from their ice-caves flash,
No hymn salutes them but the Ranz des
Vaches,
Till lazy Coleridge, by the morning's light,
Gazed for a moment on the fields of white,
And lo, the glaciers found at length a tongue,
Mont Blanc was vocal, and Chamouni sung!

Children of wealth or want, to each is given
One spot of green, and all the blue of heaven!
Enough, if these their outward shows im-
part;
The rest is thine,—the scenery of the heart.

If passion's hectic in thy stanzas glow,
Thy heart's best life-blood ebbing as they
flow;
If with thy verse thy strength and bloom
distil,
Drained by the pulses of the fevered thrill;
If sound's sweet effluence polarize thy brain,
And thoughts turn crystals in thy fluid
strain,—
Nor rolling ocean, nor the prairie's bloom,
Nor streaming cliffs, nor rayless cavern's
gloom,

Need'st thou, young poet, to inform thy line;
Thy own broad signet stamps thy song divine!
Let others gaze where silvery streams are rolled,
And chase the rainbow for its cup of gold;
To thee all landscapes wear a heavenly dye,
Changed in the glance of thy prismatic eye;
Nature evoked thee in sublimer throes,
For thee her inmost Arethusa flows,—
The mighty mother's living depths are stirred,—
Thou art the starred Osiris of the herd!

A few brief lines; they touch on solemn chords,
And hearts may leap to hear their honest words;
Yet, ere the jarring bugle-blast is blown,
The softer lyre shall breathe its soothing tone.

New England! proudly may thy children claim
Their honoured birthright by its humblest name!
Cold are thy skies, but, ever fresh and clear,
No rank malaria stains thine atmosphere;

No fungous weeds invade thy scanty soil,
Scarred by the ploughshares of unslumbering toil.
Long may the doctrines by thy sages taught,
Raised from the quarries where their sires have wrought,
Be like the granite of thy rock-ribbed land,—
As slow to rear, as obdurate to stand:
And as the ice, that leaves thy crystal mine,
Chills the fierce alcohol in the Creole's wine,
So may the doctrines of thy sober school
Keep the hot theories of thy neighbours cool!

If ever, trampling on her ancient path,
Cankered by treachery, or inflamed by wrath,
With smooth "Resolves," or with discordant cries,
The mad Briareus of disunion rise,
Chiefs of New England! by your sires' renown,
Dash the red torches of the rebel down!
Flood his black hearthstone till its flames expire,
Though your old Sachem fanned his council-fire!

But if at last—her fading cycle run—
The tongue must forfeit what the arm has won,
Then rise, wild Ocean! roll thy surging shock
Full on old Plymouth's desecrated rock!
Scale the proud shaft degenerate hands have hewn,
Where bleeding Valour stained the flowers of June!
Sweep in one tide her spires and turrets down,
And howl her dirge above Monadnock's crown!

List not the tale; the Pilgrim's hallowed shore,
Though strewn with weeds, is granite at the core;
O rather trust that He who made her free
Will keep her true, as long as faith shall be!

Farewell! yet lingering through the destined hour,
Leave, sweet Enchantress, one memorial flower!

An Angel, floating o'er the waste of snow
That clad our Western desert, long ago,

(The same fair spirit, who, unseen by day,
Shone as a star along the *Mayflower's* way,)
Sent, the first herald of the Heavenly plan,
To choose on earth a resting-place for man,—
Tired with his flight along the unvaried field,
Turned to soar upwards, when his glance revealed
A calm, bright bay, enclosed in rocky bounds,
And at its entrance stood three sister mounds.

The Angel spake: "This threefold hill shall be
The home of Arts, the nurse of Liberty!
One stately summit from its shaft shall pour
Its deep-red blaze along the darkened shore;
Emblem of thoughts, that, kindling far and wide,
In danger's night shall be a nation's guide.
One swelling crest the citadel shall crown,
Its slanted bastions black with battle's frown,
And bid the sons that tread its scowling heights
Bare their strong arms for man and all his rights!

One silent steep along the northern wave
Shall hold the patriarch's and the hero's grave;
When fades the torch, when o'er the peaceful scene
The embattled fortress smiles in living green,
The cross of Faith, the anchor staff of Hope,
Shall stand eternal on its grassy slope;
There through all time shall faithful Memory tell,
'Here Virtue toiled, and Patriot Valour fell;
Thy free, proud fathers slumber at thy side;
Live as they lived, or perish as they died!'"

AN AFTER-DINNER POEM.

(TERPSICHORE.)

READ at the Annual Dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, August 24, 1843.

IN narrowest girdle, O reluctant Muse,
In closest frock and Cinderella shoes,
Bound to the foot-lights for thy brief display,
One zephyr step, and then dissolve away!

Short is the space that gods and men can spare
To Song's twin brother when she is not there.

Let others water every lusty line,
As Homer's heroes did their purple wine;
Pierian revellers! Know in strains like these
The native juice, the real honest squeeze,—
Strains that, diluted to the twentieth power,
In yon grave temple might have filled an hour.
Small room for Fancy's many-chorded lyre
For Wit's bright rockets with their trains of fire,
For Pathos, struggling vainly to surprise
The iron tutor's tear-denying eyes,
For Mirth, whose finger with delusive wile
Turns the grim key of many a rusty smile,
For Satire, emptying his corrosive flood
On hissing Folly's gas-exhaling brood,
The pun, the fun, the moral and the joke,
The hit, the thrust, the pugilistic poke,—
Small space for these, so pressed by niggard Time,
Like that false matron, known to nursery rhyme,—
Insidious Morey,—scarce her tale begun,
Ere listening infants weep the story done.

O had we room to rip the mighty bags
That Time, the harlequin, has stuffed with rags!

Grant us one moment to unloose the strings,
While the old greybeard shuts his leather wings.
But what a heap of motley trash appears
Crammed in the bundles of successive years!
As the lost rustic on some festal day
Stares through the concourse in its vast array,—
Where in one cake a throng of faces runs,
All stuck together like a sheet of buns,—
And throws the bait of some unheeded name,
Or shoots a wink with most uncertain aim,
So roams my vision, wandering over all,
And strives to choose, but knows not where to fall.

Skins of flayed authors,—husks of dead reviews,—
The turn-coat's clothes,—the office-seeker's shoes,—
Scraps from cold feasts, where conversation runs
Through mouldy toasts to oxidated puns,
And grating songs a listening crowd endures,
Rasped from the throats of bellowing amateurs;—
Sermons, whose writers played such dangerous tricks
Their own heresiarchs called them heretics

(Strange that one term such distant poles should link,
The Priestleyan's copper and the Puseyan's zinc) ;—
Poems that shuffle with superfluous legs
A blindfold minuet over addled eggs,
Where all the syllables that end in éd,
Like old dragoons have cuts across the head ;—
Essays so dark Champollion might despair
To guess what mummy of a thought was there,
Where our poor English, striped with foreign phrase,
Looks like a Zebra in a parson's chaise ;—
Lectures that cut our dinners down to roots,
Or prove (by monkeys) men should stick to fruits ;
Delusive error,—as at trifling charge
Professor Gripes will certify at large ;—
Mesmeric pamphlets, which to facts appeal,
Each fact as slippery as a fresh-caught eel ;—
And figured heads, whose hieroglyphs invite
To wandering knaves that discount fools at sight ;—
Such things as these, with heaps of unpaid bills,
And candy puffs and homœopathic pills,

And ancient bell-crowns with contracted rim,
And bonnets hideous with expanded brim,
And coats whose memory turns the sartor pale,
Their sequels tapering like a lizard's tail ;—
How might we spread them to the smiling day,
And toss them, fluttering like the new-mown hay,
To laughter's light or sorrow's pitying shower,
Were these brief minutes lengthened to an hour.

The narrow moments fit like Sunday shoes,
How vast the heap, how quickly must we choose ;
A few small scraps from out his mountain mass
We snatch in haste, and let the vagrant pass.

This shrunken CRUST that Cerberus could not bite,
Stamped (in one corner) "Pickwick copy-right,"
Kneaded by youngsters, raised by flattery's yeast,
Was once a loaf, and helped to make a feast.

He for whose sake the glittering show appears
Has sown the world with laughter and with tears,
And they whose welcome wets the bumper's brim
Have wit and wisdom,—for they all quote him.
So, many a tongue the evening hour prolongs
With spangled speeches,—let alone the songs,—
Statesmen grow merry, lean attorneys laugh,
And weak teetotals warm to half and half,
And beardless Tullys, new to festive scenes,
Cut their first crop of youth's precocious greens,
And wits stand ready for impromptu claps,
With loaded barrels and percussion caps,
And Pathos, cantering through the minor keys,
Waves all her onions to the trembling breeze;
While the great Feasted views with silent glee
His scattered limbs in Yankee fricassee.

Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays
The pleasing game of interchanging praise;

Self-love, grimalkin of the human heart,
Is ever pliant to the master's art;
Soothed with a word, she peacefully withdraws
And sheathes in velvet her obnoxious claws,
And thrills the hand that smooths her glossy fur
With the light tremor of her grateful purr.

But what sad music fills the quiet hall,
If on her back a feline rival fall;
And O, what noises shake the tranquil house,
If old Self-interest cheats her of a mouse!

Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways,
Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise;
But, if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,
Off goes the velvet and out come the claws!
And thou, Illustrious! but too poorly paid
In toasts from Pickwick for thy great crusade,
Though, while the echoes laboured with thy name,
The public trap denied thy little game,
Let other lips our jealous laws revile,—
The marble Talfourd or the rude Carlyle,—

But on thy lids, which Heaven forbids to close
Where'er the light of kindly Nature glows,
Let not the dollars that a churl denies
Weigh like the shillings on a dead man's eyes!
Or, if thou wilt, be more discreetly blind,
Nor ask to see all wide extremes combined.
Not in our wastes the dainty blossoms smile,
That crowd the gardens of thy scanty isle.
There white-cheeked Luxury weaves a thousand charms;—
Here sun-browned Labour swings his naked arms.
Long are the furrows he must trace between
The ocean's azure and the prairie's green:
Full many a blank his destined realm displays,
Yet see the promise of his riper days:
Far through yon depths the panting engine moves,
His chariots ringing in their steel-shod grooves;
And Erie's naiad flings her diamond wave
O'er the wild sea-nymph in her distant cave!
While tasks like these employ his anxious hours,
What if his cornfields are not edged with flowers?

Though bright as silver the meridian beams
Shine through the crystal of thine English streams,
Turbid and dark the mighty wave is whirled
That drains our Andes and divides a world!

But lo! a PARCHMENT! Surely it would seem
The sculptured impress speaks of power supreme;
Some grave design the solemn page must claim
That shows so broadly an emblazoned name;
A sovereign's promise! Look, the lines afford
All Honour gives when Caution asks his word:
There sacred Faith has laid her snow-white hands,
And awful Justice knit her iron bands;
Yet every leaf is stained with treachery's dye,
And every letter crusted with a lie.
Alas! no treason has degraded yet
The Arab's salt, the Indian's calumet;
A simple rite, that bears the wanderer's pledge,
Blunts the keen shaft and turns the dagger's edge;—

While jockeying senates stop to sign and seal,
And freeborn statesmen legislate to steal.
Rise, Europe, tottering with thine Atlas load,
Turn thy proud eye to Freedom's blest abode,
And round her forehead, wreathed with heavenly flame,
Bind the dark garland of her daughter's shame!
Ye ocean clouds, that wrap the angry blast,
Coil her stained ensign round its haughty mast,
Or tear the fold that wears so foul a scar,
And drive a bolt through every blackened star!

Once more,—once only,—we must stop so soon,—
What have we here? A GERMAN-SILVER SPOON;
A cheap utensil, which we often see
Used by the dabblers in æsthetic tea,
Of slender fabric, somewhat light and thin,
Made of mixed metal, chiefly lead and tin;
The bowl is shallow, and the handle small,
Marked in large letters with the name JEAN PAUL.

Small as it is, its powers are passing strange,
For all who use it show a wondrous change;
And first, a fact to make the barbers stare,
It beats Macassar for the growth of hair;
See those small youngsters whose expansive ears
Maternal kindness grazed with frequent shears;
Each bristling crop a dangling mass becomes,
And all the spoonies turn to Absaloms!
Nor this alone its magic power displays,
It alters strangely all their works and ways;
With uncouth words they tire their tender lungs,
The same bald phrases on their hundred tongues;
"Ever" "The Ages" in their page appear,
"Alway" the bedlamite is called a "Seer":
On every leaf the "earnest" sage may scan,
Portentous bore! their "many-sided" man,—
A weak eclectic, groping vague and dim,
Whose every angle is a half-starved whim
Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,
Who rides a beetle, which he calls a "Sphinx."

And O what questions asked in clubfoot rhyme
Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf-mute Time !
Here babbling "Insight" shouts in Nature's ears
His last conundrum on the orbs and spheres ;
There Self-inspection sucks its little thumb,
With "Whence am I?" and "Wherefore did I come ?"
Deluded infants ! will they ever know
Some doubts must darken o'er the world below,
Though all the Platos of the nursery trail
Their "clouds of glory" at the go-cart's tail ?
O might these couplets their attention claim,
That gain their author the Philistine's name ;
(A stubborn race, that, spurning foreign law,
Was much belaboured with an ass's jaw !)

Melodious Laura ! From the sad retreats
That hold thee, smothered with excess of sweets,
Shade of a shadow, spectre of a dream,
Glance thy wan eye across the Stygian stream !

The slip-shod dreamer treads thy fragrant halls,
The sophist's cobwebs hang thy roseate walls,
And o'er the crotchets of thy jingling tunes
The bard of mystery scrawls his crooked "runes."
Yes, thou art gone, with all the tuneful hordes
That candied thoughts in amber-coloured words,
And in the precincts of thy late abodes
The clattering verse-wright hammers Orphic odes.
Thou, soft as zephyr, wast content to fly
On the gilt pinions of a balmy sigh;
He, vast as Phœbus on his burning wheels,
Would stride through ether at Orion's heels;
Thy emblem, Laura, was a perfume-jar,
And thine, young Orpheus, is a pewter star;
The balance trembles,—be its verdict told
When the new jargon slumbers with the old!

Cease, playful goddess! From thine airy bound
Drop like a feather softly to the ground;

This light bolero grows a ticklish dance,
And there is mischief in thy kindling glance.
To-morrow bids thee, with rebuking frown,
Change thy gauze tunic for a home-made
gown,
Too blest by fortune, if the passing day
Adorn thy bosom with its frail bouquet,
But O still happier if the next forgets
Thy daring steps and dangerous pirouettes!

MEDICAL POEMS.

THE MORNING VISIT.

A SICK man's chamber, though it often boast
The grateful presence of a literal toast,
Can hardly claim, amidst its various wealth,
The right unchallenged to propose a health;
Yet though its tenant is denied the feast,
Friendship must launch his sentiment at least,
As prisoned damsels, locked from lover's lips,
Toss them a kiss from off their fingers' tips.

The morning visit,—not till sickness falls
In the charmed circles of your own safe walls;
Till fever's throb and pain's relentless rack
Stretch you all helpless on your aching back;
Not till you play the patient in your turn,
The morning visit's mystery shall you learn.

'Tis a small matter in your neighbour's case,
To charge your fee for showing him your face;
You skip up-stairs, inquire, inspect, and touch,
Prescribe, take leave, and off to twenty such.

But when at length, by fate's transferred decree,
The visitor becomes the visitee,
Oh, then, indeed, it pulls another string;
Your ox is gored, and that's a different thing!
Your friend is sick: phlegmatic as a Turk,
You write your recipe and let it work;
Not yours to stand the shiver and the frown,
And sometimes worse, with which your draught goes down.
Calm as a clock your knowing hand directs,
Rhei, jalapæ ana grana sex,
Or traces on some tender missive's back,
Scrupulos duos pulveris ipecac;
And leaves your patient to his qualms and gripes,
Cool as a sportsman banging at his snipes.
But change the time, the person, and the place,
And be yourself "the interesting case,"

You'll gain some knowledge which it 's well
to learn ;
In future practice it may serve your turn.
Leeches, for instance,—pleasing creatures
quite ;
Try them,—and bless you,—don't you find
they bite?
You raise a blister for the smallest cause,
But be yourself the sitter whom it draws,
And trust my statement, you will not deny
The worst of draughtsmen is your Spanish
fly !
It's mighty easy ordering when you please,
Infusi sennæ capiat uncias tres ;
It 's mighty different when you quackle
down
Your own three ounces of the liquid brown.
Pilula, pulvis,—pleasant words enough,
When other throats receive the shocking
stuff ;
But oh, what flattery can disguise the
groan
That meets the gulp which sends it through
your own !
Be gentle, then, though Art's unsparing
rules
Give you the handling of her sharpest tools ;
Use them not rashly,—sickness is enough ;
Be always "ready," but be never "rough."

Of all the ills that suffering man endures,
The largest fraction liberal Nature cures ;
Of those remaining, 'tis the smallest part,
Yields to the efforts of judicious Art ;
But simple *Kindness*, kneeling by the bed
To shift the pillow for the sick man's head,
Give the fresh draught to cool the lips that burn,
Fan the hot brow, the weary frame to turn,—
Kindness, untutored by our grave M.D.'s,
But Nature's graduate, when she schools to please,
Wins back more sufferers with her voice and smile
Than all the trumpery in the druggist's pile.

Once more, be *quiet :* coming up the stair,
Don't be a plantigrade, a human bear,
But, stealing softly on the silent toe,
Reach the sick-chamber ere you 're heard below.
Whatever changes there may greet your eyes,
Let not your looks proclaim the least surprise ;
It's not your business by your face to show,
All that your patient does not want to know ;
Nay, use your optics with considerate care,
And don't abuse your privilege to stare.
But if your eyes may probe him overmuch,
Beware still further how you rudely touch ;

Don't clutch his carpus in your icy fist,
But warm your fingers ere you take the wrist.
If the poor victim needs must be percussed,
Don't make an anvil of his aching bust;
(Doctors exist within a hundred miles
Who thump a thorax as they'd hammered piles;)
If you must listen to his doubtful chest,
Catch the essentials, and ignore the rest.
Spare him; the sufferer wants of you and art
A track to steer by, not a finished chart.
So of your questions: don't in mercy try
To pump your patient absolutely dry;
He 's not a mollusk squirming in a dish,
You 're not Agassiz, and he 's not a fish.

And last, not least, in each perplexing case,
Learn the sweet magic of a *cheerful face;*
Not always smiling, but at least serene,
When grief and anguish cloud the anxious scene.
Each look, each movement, every word and tone,
Should tell your patient you are all his own;
Not the mere artist, purchased to attend,
But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend,
Whose genial visit in itself combines
The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes.

Such is the *visit* that from day to day
Sheds o'er my chamber its benignant ray.
I give his health, who never cared to claim
Her babbling homage from the tongue of Fame;
Unmoved by praise, he stands by all confest,
The truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best.
1849.

THE TWO ARMIES.

AS Life's unending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen,—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
"Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade;
  At Honour's trumpet-call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade
  In glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
  No stirring battle-cry;
The bloodless stabber calls by night,—
  Each answers, "Here am I!"

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,
  The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
  Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
  That floods the lonely graves,
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
  In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
  And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
  Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
  Her pulses Freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
  Sprang from that scarlet dew,—

While Valour's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne!

THE STETHOSCOPE SONG.

A PROFESSIONAL BALLAD.

THERE was a young man in Boston town,
He bought him a STETHOSCOPE nice and new,
All mounted and finished and polished down,
With an ivory cap and a stopper too.
It happened a spider within did crawl,
And spun him a web of ample size,
Wherein there chancëd one day to fall
A couple of very imprudent flies.

The first was a bottle-fly, big and blue,
The second was smaller, and thin and long;
So there was a concert between the two,
Like an octave flute and a tavern gong.

Now being from Paris but recently,
This fine young man would show his skill;
And so they gave him, his hand to try,
A hospital patient extremely ill.

Some said that his *liver* was short of *bile*,
  And some that his *heart* was over size,
While some kept arguing, all the while,
  He was crammed with *tubercles* up to his
    eyes.

This fine young man then up stepped he,
  And all the doctors made a pause;
Said he,—The man must die, you see,
  By the fifty-seventh of Louis's laws.

But since the case is a desperate one,
  To explore his chest it may be well;
For if he should die and it were not done,
  You know the *autopsy* would not tell.

Then out his stethoscope he took,
  And on it placed his curious ear;
Mon Dieu! said he, with a knowing look,
  Why, here is a sound that 's mighty queer!

The *bourdonnement* is very clear,—
  Amphoric buzzing, as I 'm alive!
Five doctors took their turn to hear;
  Amphoric buzzing, said all the five.

There 's *empyema* beyond a doubt;
  We 'll plunge a *trocar* in his side.—
The diagnosis was made out,
  They tapped the patient; so he died.

Now such as hate new-fashioned toys
Began to look extremely glum ;
They said that *rattles* were made for boys,
And vowed that his *buzzing* was all a hum.

There was an old lady had long been sick,
And what was the matter none did know :
Her pulse was slow, though her tongue was quick ;
To her this knowing youth must go.

So there the nice old lady sat,
With phials and boxes all in a row ;
She asked the young doctor what he was at,
To thump her and tumble her ruffles so.

Now, when the stethoscope came out,
The flies began to buzz and whiz :
Oh ho ! the matter is clear, no doubt ;
An *aneurism* there plainly is.

The *bruit de râpe* and the *bruit de scie*,
And the *bruit de diable* are all combined ;
How happy Bouillaud would be,
If he a case like this could find !

Now, when the neighbouring doctors found
A case so rare had been descried,
They every day her ribs did pound
In squads of twenty ; so she died.

Then six young damsels, slight and frail,
Received this kind young doctor's cares;
They all were getting slim and pale,
And short of breath on mounting stairs.

They all made rhymes with "sighs" and "skies,"
And loathed their puddings and buttered rolls,
And dieted, much to their friends' surprise,
On pickles and pencils and chalk and coals.

So fast their little hearts did bound,
The frightened insects buzzed the more;
So over all their chests he found
The *râle sifflant* and the *râle sonore.*

He shook his head;—There 's grave disease,—
I greatly fear you all must die;
A slight *post-mortem*, if you please,
Surviving friends would gratify.

The six young damsels wept aloud,
Which so prevailed on six young men
That each his honest love avowed,
Whereat they all got well again.

This poor young man was all aghast ;
  The price of stethoscopes came down ;
And so he was reduced at last
  To practise in a country town.

The doctors being very sore,
  A stethoscope they did devise
That had a rammer to clear the bore,
  With a knob at the end to kill the flies.

Now use your ears, all you that can,
  But don't forget to mind your eyes,
Or you may be cheated, like this young man,
  By a couple of silly, abnormal flies.

EXTRACTS FROM A MEDICAL POEM.

THE STABILITY OF SCIENCE.

THE feeble sea-birds, blinded in the storms,
On some tall lighthouse dash their little forms,
And the rude granite scatters for their pains
Those small deposits that were meant for brains.

Yet the proud fabric in the morning's sun
Stands all unconscious of the mischief done;
Still the red beacon pours its evening rays
For the lost pilot with as full a blaze,—
Nay, shines, all radiance, o'er the scattered fleet
Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.
I tell their fate, though courtesy disclaims
To call our kind by such ungentle names;
Yet, if your rashness bid you vainly dare,
Think of their doom, ye simple, and beware!
See where aloft its hoary forehead rears
The towering pride of twice a thousand years!
Far, far below the vast incumbent pile
Sleeps the gray rock from art's Ægean isle;
Its massive courses, circling as they rise,
Swell from the waves to mingle with the skies;
There every quarry lends its marble spoil,
And clustering ages blend their common toil;
The Greek, the Roman, reared its ancient walls,
The silent Arab arched its mystic halls;
In that fair niche, by countless billows laved,
Trace the deep lines that Sydenham engraved;

On yon broad front that breasts the changing swell,
Mark where the ponderous sledge of Hunter fell;
By that square buttress look where Louis stands,
The stone yet warm from his uplifted hands;
And say, O Science, shall thy life-blood freeze,
When fluttering folly flaps on walls like these?

A PORTRAIT.

THOUGHTFUL in youth, but not austere in age;
Calm, but not cold, and cheerful though a sage;
Too true to flatter, and too kind to sneer,
And only just when seemingly severe;
So gently blending courtesy and art
That wisdom's lips seemed borrowing friendship's heart.
Taught by the sorrows that his age had known
In other's trials to forget his own,
As hour by hour his lengthened day declined,
A sweeter radiance lingered o'er his mind.

Cold were the lips that spoke his early
praise,
And hushed the voices of his morning days,
Yet the same accents dwelt on every tongue,
And love renewing kept him ever young.

A SENTIMENT.

Ὁ *βίος βραχύς*,—life is but a song ;
Ἡ *τέχνη μακρή*,—art is wondrous long ;
Yet to the wise her paths are ever fair,
And Patience smiles, though Genius may
despair.
Give us but knowledge, though by slow de-
grees,
And blend our toil with moments bright as
these ;
Let Friendship's accents cheer our doubtful
way,
And Love's pure planet lend its guiding
ray,—
Our tardy Art shall wear an angel's wings,
And life shall lengthen with the joy it
brings !

A POEM.

FOR THE MEETING OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AT NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1853.

I HOLD a letter in my hand,—
A flattering letter, more 's the pity,—
By some contriving junto planned,
And signed *per order of Committee.*
It touches every tenderest spot,—
My patriotic predilections,
My well-known — something — don't ask what,—
My poor old songs, my kind affections.

They make a feast on Thursday next,
And hope to make the feasters merry ;
They own they 're something more perplexed
For poets than for port and sherry.
They want the men of—(word torn out) ;
Our friends will come with anxious faces,
(To see our blankets off, no doubt,
And trot us out and show our paces.)

They hint that papers by the score
Are rather musty kind of rations,—
They don't exactly mean a bore,
But only trying to the patience ;

That such as—you know who I mean—
  Distinguished for their—what d' ye call
    'em—
Should bring the dews of Hippocrene
  To sprinkle on the faces solemn.

—The same old story: that 's the chaff
  To catch the birds that sing the ditties;
Upon my soul, it makes me laugh
  To read these letters from Committees!
They 're all *so* loving and *so* fair,—
  All for *your* sake such kind compunction;
'Twould save your carriage half its wear
  To touch its wheels with such an unction!

Why, who am I, to lift me here
  And beg such learned folk to listen,
To ask a smile, or coax a tear
  Beneath these stoic lids to glisten?
As well might some arterial thread
  Ask the whole frame to feel it gushing,
While throbbing fierce from heel to head
  The vast aortic tide was rushing.

As well some hair-like nerve might strain
  To set its special streamlet going,
While through the myriad-channelled brain
  The burning flood of thought was flowing;

Or trembling fibre strive to keep
The springing haunches gathered shorter,
While the scourged racer, leap on leap,
Was stretching through the last hot quarter!

Ah me! you take the bud that came
Self-sown in your poor garden's borders,
And hand it to the stately dame
That florists breed for, all she orders.
She thanks you,—it was kindly meant,—
(*A pale affair, not worth the keeping,*)—
Good morning; and your bud is sent
To join the tea-leaves used for sweeping.

Not always so, kind hearts and true,—
For such I know are round me beating;
Is not the bud I offer you,
Fresh gathered for the hour of meeting,
Pale though its outer leaves may be,
Rose-red in all its inner petals?—
Where the warm life we cannot see—
The life of love that gave it—settles.

We meet from regions far away,
Like rills from distant mountains streaming;
The sun is on Francisco's bay,
O'er Chesapeake the lighthouse gleaming;

While summer girds the still bayou
  In chains of bloom, her bridal token,
Monadnock sees the sky grow blue,
  His crystal bracelet yet unbroken.

Yet Nature bears the selfsame heart
  Beneath her russet-mantled bosom
As where, with burning lips apart,
  She breathes and white magnolias blossom;
The selfsame founts her chalice fill
  With showery sunlight running over,
On fiery plain and frozen hill,
  On myrtle-beds and fields of clover.

I give you *Home!* its crossing lines
  United in one golden suture,
And showing every day that shines
  The present growing to the future,—
A flag that bears a hundred stars
  In one bright ring, with love for centre,
Fenced round with white and crimson bars
  No prowling treason dares to enter!

O brothers, home may be a word
  To make affection's living treasure,
The wave an angel might have stirred,
  A stagnant pool of selfish pleasure

HOME ! It is where the day-star springs
And where the evening sun reposes,
Where'er the eagle spreads his wings,
From northern pines to southern roses !

A SENTIMENT.

A TRIPLE health to Friendship, Science, Art,
From heads and hands that own a common heart !
Each in its turn the others' willing slave,
Each in its season strong to heal and save.

Friendship's blind service, in the hour of need,
Wipes the pale face, and lets the victim bleed.
Science must stop to reason and explain ;
ART claps his finger on the streaming vein.

But Art's brief memory fails the hand at last ;
Then SCIENCE lifts the flambeau of the past.
When both their equal impotence deplore,
When Learning sighs, and Skill can do no more,
The tear of FRIENDSHIP pours its heavenly balm,
And soothes the pang no anodyne may calm !

May 1, 1855.

RIP VAN WINKLE, M.D.

AN AFTER-DINNER PRESCRIPTION TAKEN BY THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, AT THEIR MEETING HELD MAY 25, 1870.

CANTO FIRST.

OLD Rip Van Winkle had a grandson, Rip,
Of the paternal block a genuine chip,—
A lazy, sleepy, curious kind of chap;
He, like his grandsire, took a mighty nap,
Whereof the story I propose to tell
In two brief cantos, if you listen well.

The times were hard when Rip to manhood grew;
They always will be when there's work to do.
He tried at farming,—found it rather slow,—
And then at teaching—what he didn't know;
Then took to hanging round the tavern bars,
To frequent toddies and long-nine cigars,
Till Dame Van Winkle, out of patience, vexed
With preaching homilies, having for their text

A mop, a broomstick, aught that might avail
To point a moral or adorn a tale,
Exclaimed, "I have it! Now, then, Mr. V.!
He's good for *something*,—make him an M. D.!"

The die was cast; the youngster was content;
They packed his shirts and stockings, and he went.
How hard he studied it were vain to tell;
He drowsed through Wistar, nodded over Bell,
Slept sound with Cooper, snored aloud on Good;
Heard heaps of lectures,—doubtless understood,—
A constant listener, for he did not fail
To carve his name on every bench and rail.

Months grew to years; at last he counted three,
And Rip Van Winkle found himself M. D.
Illustrious title! in a gilded frame
He set the sheepskin with his Latin name,
RIPUM VAN WINKLUM, QUEM WE—SCIMUS—know.
IDONEUM ESSE—to do so and so.

He hired an office ; soon its walls displayed
His new diploma and his stock in trade,
A mighty arsenal to subdue disease,
Of various names, whereof I mention these :
Lancets and bougies, great and little squirt,
Rhubarb and Senna, Snakeroot, Thoroughwort,
Ant. Tart., Vin. Colch., Pil. Cochiæ, and Black Drop,
Tinctures of Opium, Gentian, Henbane, Hop,
Pulv. Ipecacuanhæ, which for lack
Of breath to utter men call Ipecac,
Camphor and Kino, Turpentine, Tolu,
Cubebs, "Copeevy," Vitriol, — white and blue,—
Fennel and Flaxseed, Slippery Elm and Squill,
And roots of Sassafras, and "Sassaf'rill,"
Brandy, — for colics, — Pinkroot, death on worms, —
Valerian, calmer of hysteric squirms,
Musk, Assafœtida, the resinous gum
Named from its odour,—well, it does smell some, —
Jalap, that works not wisely, but too well,
Ten pounds of Bark and six of Calomel.

For outward griefs he had an ample store,
Some twenty jars and gallipots, or more :

Ceratum simplex—housewives oft compile
The same at home, and call it "wax and ile";
Unguentum resinosum—change its name,
The "drawing salve" of many an ancient dame;
Argenti Nitras, also Spanish flies,
Whose virtue makes the water-bladders rise—
(Some say that spread upon a toper's skin
They draw no water, only rum or gin);
Leeches, sweet vermin! don't they charm the sick?
And Sticking-plaster—how it hates to stick!
Emplastrum Ferri—ditto *Picis*, Pitch;
Washes and Powders, Brimstone for the—which,
Scabies or *Psora*, is thy chosen name
Since Hahnemann's goose-quill scratched thee into fame,
Proved thee the source of every nameless ill,
Whose sole specific is a moonshine pill,
Till saucy Science, with a quiet grin,
Held up the Acarus, crawling on a pin?
—Mountains have laboured and have brought forth mice:
The Dutchman's theory hatched a brood of —twice
I've well-nigh said them—words unfitting quite
For these fair precincts and for ears polite.

The surest foot may chance at last to slip,
And so at length it proved with Doctor Rip.
One full-sized bottle stood upon the shelf,
Which held the medicine that he took himself;
Whate'er the reason, it must be confessed
He filled that bottle oftener than the rest;
What drug it held I don't presume to know—
The gilded label said "Elixir Pro."

One day the Doctor found the bottle full,
And, being thirsty, took a vigorous pull,
Put back the "Elixir" where 'twas always found,
And had old Dobbin saddled and brought round.
—You know those old-time rhubarb-coloured nags
That carry Doctors and their saddle-bags;
Sagacious beasts! they stopped at every place
Where blinds were shut — knew every patient's case—
Looked up and thought--The baby 's in a fit—
That won't last long—he 'll soon be through with it;

But shook their heads before the knockered door
Where some old lady told the story o'er
Whose endless stream of tribulation flows
For gastric griefs and peristaltic woes.

What jack-o'-lantern led him from his way,
And where it led him, it were hard to say;
Enough that wandering many a weary mile
Through paths the mountain sheep trod single file,
O'ercome by feelings such as patients know
Who dose too freely with "Elixir Pro."
He tumbl—dismounted, slightly in a heap,
And lay, promiscuous, lapped in balmy sleep.

Night followed night, and day succeeded day,
But snoring still the slumbering Doctor lay.
Poor Dobbin, starving, thought upon his stall,
And straggled homewards, saddle-bags and all.
The village people hunted all around,
But Rip was missing,—never could be found.
"Drownded," they guessed; for more than half a year
The pouts and eels *did* taste uncommon queer;

Some said of apple-brandy—others some
Found a strong flavour of New England rum.

Why can't a fellow hear the fine things said
About a fellow when a fellow 's dead?
The best of doctors—so the press declared—
A public blessing while his life was spared,
True to his country, bounteous to the poor,
In all things temperate, sober, just, and pure;
The best of husbands! echoed Mrs. Van,
And set her cap to catch another man.

So ends this Canto—if it 's *quantum suff*,
We 'll just stop here and say we 've had
enough,
And leave poor Rip to sleep for thirty years;
I grind the organ—if you lend your ears
To hear my second Canto, after that
We 'll send around the monkey with the hat.

CANTO SECOND.

So thirty years had passed—but not a
word
In all that time of Rip was ever heard;
The world wagged on—it never does go
back—
The widow Van was now the widow Mac—
France was an Empire—Andrew J. was dead,
And Abraham L. was reigning in his stead.

Four murderous years had passed in savage strife,
Yet still the rebel held his bloody knife.
—At last one morning—who forgets the day
When the black cloud of war dissolved away?—
The joyous tidings spread o'er land and sea,
Rebellion done for! Grant has captured Lee!
Up every flagstaff sprang the Stars and Stripes—
Out rushed the Extras wild with mammoth types—
Down went the labourer's hod, the school-boy's book—
"Hooraw!" he cried, "the rebel army 's took!"
Ah! what a time! the folks all mad with joy:
Each fond, pale mother thinking of her boy;
Old gray-haired fathers meeting—"Have—you—heard?"
And then a choke—and not another word;
Sisters all smiling—maidens, not less dear,
In trembling poise between a smile and tear;
Poor Bridget thinking how she 'll stuff the plums
In that big cake for Johnny when he comes;
Cripples afoot; rheumatics on the jump;
Old girls so loving they could hug the pump;

Guns going bang! from every fort and ship;
They banged so loud at last they wakened
Rip.

I spare the picture, how a man appears
Who 's been asleep a score or two of years;
You all have seen it to perfection done
By Joe Van Wink—I mean Rip Jefferson.
Well, so it was; old Rip at last came back,
Claimed his old wife, the present widow
Mac—
Had his old sign regilded, and began
To practise physic on the same old plan.

Some weeks went by—it was not long to
wait,
And "please to call" grew frequent on the
slate.
He had, in fact, an ancient, mildewed air,
A long gray beard, a plenteous lack of hair,—
The musty look that always recommends
Your good old Doctor to his ailing friends.
—Talk of your science! after all is said
There 's nothing like a bare and shiny head;
Age lends the graces that are sure to please;
Folks want their Doctors mouldy, like their
cheese.

So Rip began to look at people's tongues
And thump their briskets (called it "sound
their lungs"),
Brushed up his knowledge smartly as he
could,
Read in old Cullen and in Doctor Good.
The town was healthy; for a month or two
He gave the sexton little work to do.

About the time when dog-day heats begin,
The summer's usual maladies set in;
With autumn evenings dysentery came,
And dusky typhoid lit his smouldering
flame;
The blacksmith ailed, the carpenter was
down,
And half the children sickened in the town.
The sexton's face grew shorter than before—
The sexton's wife a brand-new bonnet wore—
Things looked quite serious—Death had got
a grip
On old and young, in spite of Doctor Rip.

And now the Squire was taken with a
chill—
Wife gave "hot-drops"—at night an Indian
pill;
Next morning, feverish—bedtime, getting
worse—
Out of his head—began to rave and curse;

The Doctor sent for—double quick he came:
Ant. Tart. gran. duo, and repeat the same
If no et cetera. Third day—nothing new;
Percussed his thorax till 'twas black and blue—
Lung-fever threatening—something of the sort—
Out with the lancet—let him bleed—a quart—
Ten leeches next—then blisters to his side;
Ten grains of calomel; just then he died.

The Deacon next required the Doctor's care—
Took cold by sitting in a draught of air—
Pains in the back, but what the matter is
Not quite so clear,—wife calls it "rheumatiz."
Rubs back with flannel—gives him something hot—
"Ah!" says the Deacon, "that goes *nigh* the spot."
Next day a *rigor*—"Run, my little man,
And say the Deacon sends for Doctor Van.'
The Doctor came—percussion as before,
Thumping and banging till his ribs were sore—

"Right side the flattest"—then more vigorous raps—
"Fever—that's certain—pleurisy, perhaps.
A quart of blood will ease the pain, no doubt,
Ten leeches next will help to suck it out,
Then clap a blister on the painful part—
But first two grains of *Antimonium Tart.*
Last with a dose of cleansing calomel
Unload the portal system—(that sounds well!)"

But when the self-same remedies were tried,
As all the village knew, the Squire had died;
The neighbours hinted. This will never do;
He's killed the Squire—he'll kill the Deacon too."

Now when a doctor's patients are perplexed,
A *consultation* comes in order next—
You know what that is? In a certain place
Meet certain doctors to discuss a case
And other matters, such as weather, crops,
Potatoes, pumpkins, lager-beer, and hops.

For what 's the use?—there 's little to be said,
Nine times in ten your man 's as good as dead;
At best a talk (the secret to disclose)
Where three men guess and *sometimes* one man knows.

The counsel summoned came without delay—
Young Doctor Green and shrewd old Doctor Gray—
They heard the story — "Bleed!" says Doctor Green,
"That 's downright murder! cut his throat, you mean!
Leeches! the reptiles! Why, for pity's sake,
Not try an adder or a rattlesnake?
Blisters! Why, bless you, they 're against the law—
It 's rank assault and battery if they draw!
Tartrate of Antimony! shade of Luke,
Stomachs turn pale at thought of such rebuke!
The portal system! What 's the man about?
Unload your nonsense! Calomel 's played out!

You 've been asleep—you 'd better sleep
away
Till some one calls you."

"Stop!" says Doctor Gray—
"The story is you slept for thirty years;
With brother Green, I own that it appears
You must have slumbered most amazing
sound;
But sleep once more till thirty years come
round,
You 'll find the lancet in its honoured place,
Leeches and blisters rescued from disgrace,
Your drugs redeemed from fashion's passing
scorn,
And counted safe to give to babes unborn."

Poor sleepy Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.,
A puzzled, serious, saddened man was he;
Home from the Deacon's house he plodded
slow
And filled one bumper of "Elixir Pro."
"Good-bye," he faltered, "Mrs. Van, my
dear!
I'm going to sleep, but wake me once a
year;
I don't like bleaching in the frost and dew,
I 'll take the barn, if all the same to you.

Just once a year—remember ! no mistake !
Cry, ' Rip Van Winkle ! time for you to wake ! '
Watch for the week in May when laylocks blow,
For then the Doctors meet, and I must go."

Just once a year the Doctor's worthy dame
Goes to the barn and shouts her husband's name ;
" Come, Rip Van Winkle ! " (giving him a shake)
" Rip ! Rip Van Winkle ! time for you to wake !
Laylocks in blossom ! 'tis the month of May—
The Doctors' meeting is this blessed day,
And come what will, you know I heard you swear
You 'd never miss it, but be always there ! "

And so it is, as every year comes round
Old Rip Van Winkle here is always found.
You 'll quickly know him by his mildewed air,
The hayseed sprinkled through his scanty hair,

The lichens growing on his rusty suit—
I've seen a toadstool sprouting on his boot—
—Who says I lie? Does any man presume?—
Toadstool? No matter—call it a mushroom.
Where is his seat? He moves it every year;
But look, you'll find him,—he is always here,—
Perhaps you'll track him by a whiff you know—
A certain flavour of "Elixir Pro."

Now, then, I give you—as you seem to think
We can give toasts without a drop to drink—
Health to the mighty sleeper,—long live he!
Our brother Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.!

NOTES

Page 8. *There stand the Goblet and the Sun.*

The Goblet and the Sun (Vas-Sol), sculptured on a freestone slab supported by five pillars, are the only designation of the family tomb of the Vassalls.

Page 55. *The leaflets gathered at your side.*

See "The Cambridge Churchyard," on page 5 of this volume.

Page 60. *Thus mocked the spoilers with his schoolboy scorn.*

See "Old Ironsides," on page 1 of this volume.

Page 63. *On other shores, above their mouldering towns.*

Daniel Webster quoted several of the verses which follow in his address at the laying of the corner-stone of the addition to the Capitol at Washington, July 4, 1851.

Page 73. *Thou calm, chaste scholar.*

Charles Chauncy Emerson; died May 9, 1836.

Page 73. *And thou, dear friend, whom Science still deplores.*

James Jackson, Jr., M.D.; died March 28, 1834.

Page 81. "The Steamboat."

Mr. Emerson has quoted some lines from this poem, but somewhat disguised as he recalled them. It is never safe to quote poetry without referring to the original.

Page 146. *Hark! the sweet bells renew their welcome sound.*

The churches referred to in the lines which follow are—

1. King's Chapel, the foundation of which was laid by Governor Shirley in 1749.

2. Brattle Street Church, consecrated in 1773. The completion of this edifice, the design of which included a spire, was prevented by the troubles of the Revolution, and its plain, square tower presented nothing more attractive than a massive simplicity. In the front of this tower, till the church was demolished in 1872, there was to be seen, half imbedded in the brick-work, a cannon-ball, which was thrown from the American fortifications at Cambridge, during the bombardment of the city, then occupied by the British troops.

3. The Old South, first occupied for public worship in 1730.

4. Park Street Church, built in 1809, the tall white steeple of which is the most conspicuous of all the Boston spires.

5. Christ Church, opened for public worship in 1723, and containing a set of eight bells, long the only chime in Boston.

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